

THE SIGN OF THE BEAVER

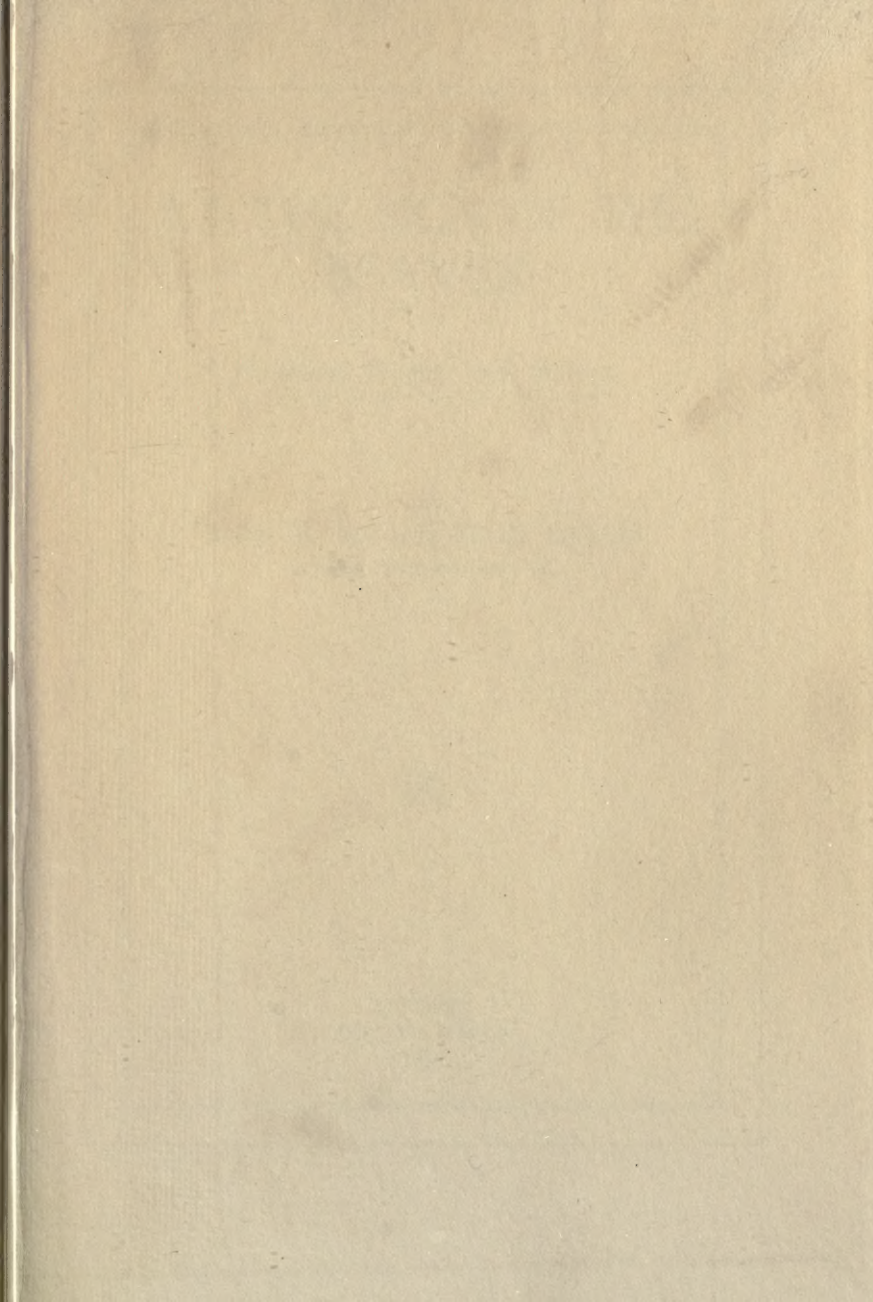


SAMUEL
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AT THE SIGN OF THE BEAVER

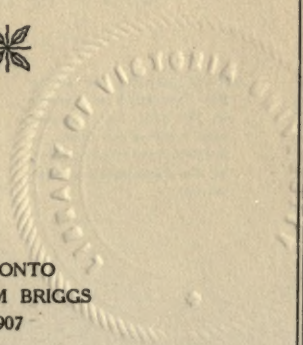
Northland Stories and Stanzas

BY
SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS

Author of "Camp and Lamp," etc.



TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1907



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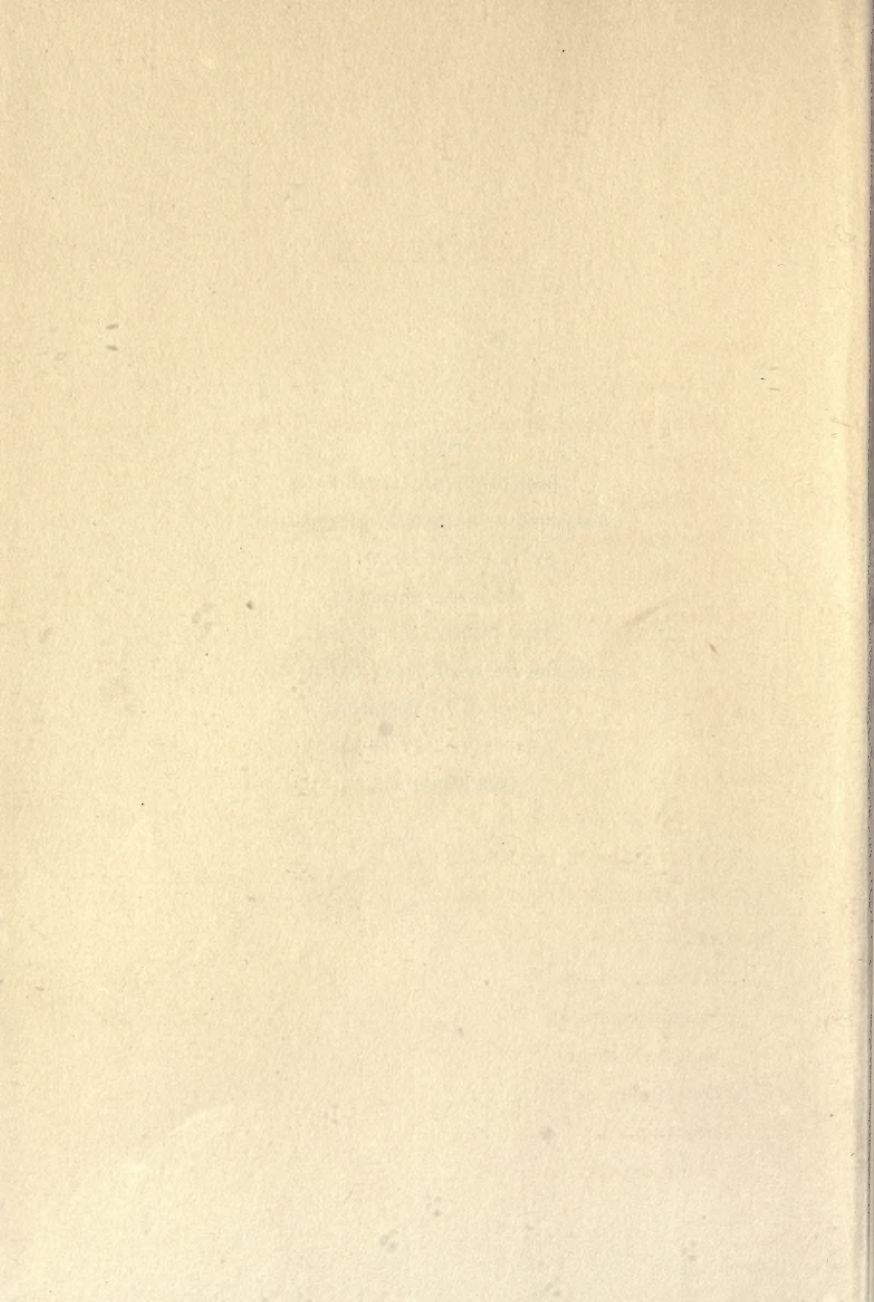
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SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS,
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IN THAT
HIGH DAWN-SALUTING FANE
SHRINING A CANADIAN LITERATURE,
BY THE CRAFTSMAN SKILL
OF MANY BUILDERS
NOW RISING RESPLENDENT,
A JOURNEYMAN OF THAT OLDEN GUILD,
LOVINGLY FASHIONING,
ASPIRES TO SET IN PLACE
ONE SMALL BLOCK,



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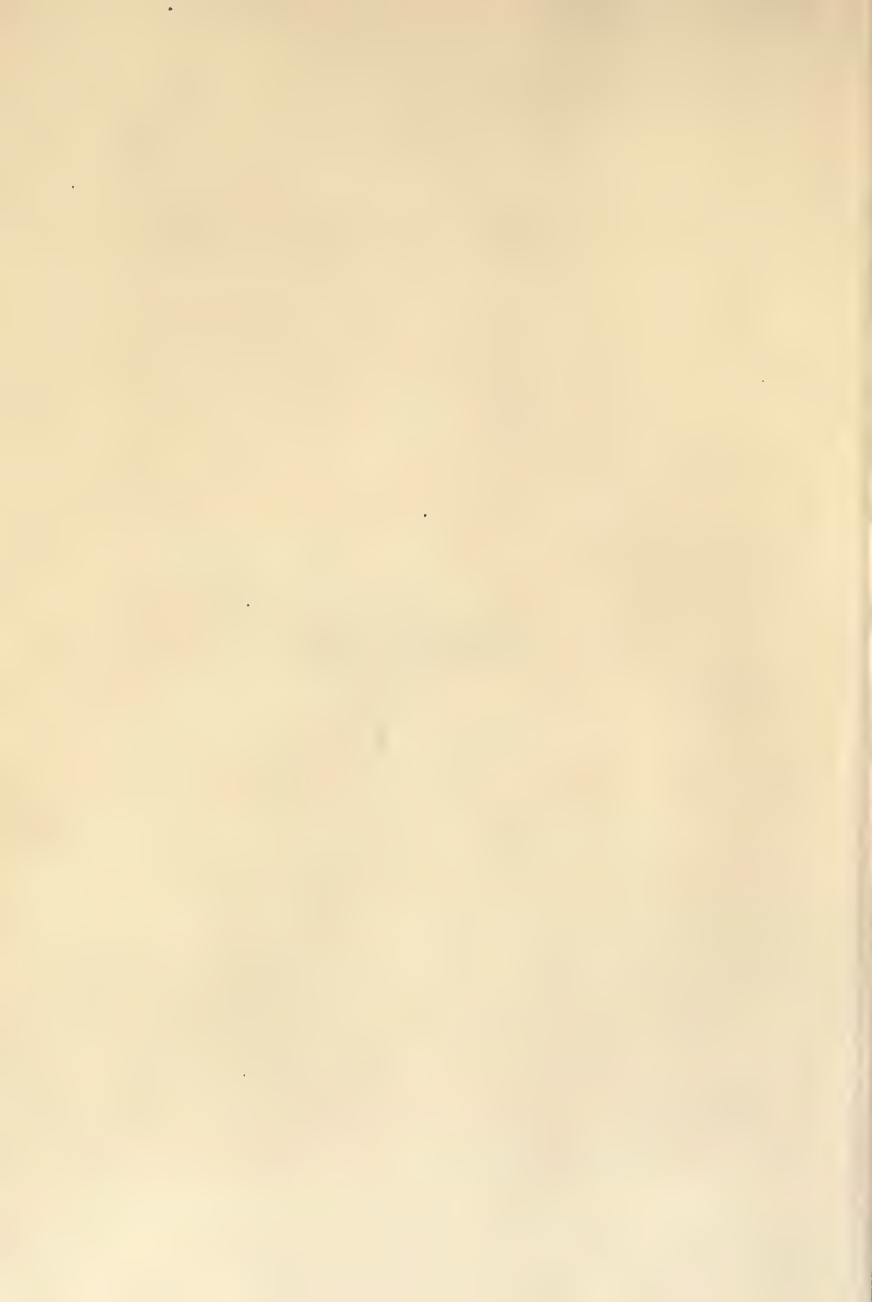
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Stories



AT THE SIGN OF THE BEAVER.

A Notarial Protest.

THE little village of Notre Dame des Neiges drowsed amid the rolling pastures and yellowing fields which gem the uplands sloping to the shores of Lac Tremblante, and the spruce-fringed, bald crown of age-old Trembling Mountain towered above the circling hills which kept eternal, silent watch round about.

The village seedling had dropped and taken root in a convenient hollow, scooped as if by a giant hand out of the jumble of ragged foot-hills, where the wandering, grass-ribbed Colonization road widened sufficiently to permit of the limited growth to which it had attained, and with which, in this region of stunted vegetation, it would seem as if it must, and resignedly would, rest drowsily content. The wings of all-pervading peace brooded over the valley nesting under their shadow, and the outward and visible sign of extended benediction shone abroad in the twin spires of the imposing fane which piety had reared to worthily shrine the Prince of Peace. If riotous plenty were less in evidence and little mouths very much so, were not the clamorous wants of pampered luxury unknown, and the tithes assured, and a sufficiency left?—and for the future the children and *le bon Dieu* would surely provide.

The men and grown boys of the scattered farms were struggling in the sun's hot beat for a toe-grip on their up-tilted lands and attacking the standing crop with tireless scythe, while the women and girls forked and carted

to secure it from some quick-descending shower, but the village was undisguisedly asleep. Not a team disturbed the ankle-deep sand of the only street, and the sleeping dogs had not even this excuse to rouse and give tongue to their customary objecting bark. The hotel customers were elsewhere, the bar empty of patrons, and the lone "proprietor," in a shady corner of the verandah, was sleeping vociferously. The storekeeper had given up all town-acquired pretence of wide-awake expectancy of some infrequent customer, and had lapsed into the sound-asleep condition of his nodding neighbor on the opposite corner. Even the *Bureau de Poste* unappreciatingly flaunted its blue and white enamel enticement in the face of the unheeding general somnolency that now luxuriated *en déshabillé* behind the closed *jalousies* which fended the glare and permitted enjoyment of cool and undisturbed siesta within.

The diminutive door of the modest quarters where His Majesty's Mail was received and distributed in homœopathic proportions among his subjects in this far corner of his Dominion bore, in addition to the official sign, another of much more imposing appearance, pathetically suggestive of other surroundings and better days, and on its polished brass flared the legend:

HONORÉ SERAPHIN LAROCHELLE,
NOTAIRE PUBLIQUE.

How the owner of this spreading name and sign should here find remunerative exercise of his calling was always a matter of some concern to his few neighbors, and at times to himself. It was gently debated with his worthy helpmeet in those confidential moments seized upon by well-ordered couples when they have retired to cover of the matrimonial blanket, and some pressing urgency seemed even now impelling to wakeful discus-

sion, while their little world about them drowsed and slept the hot hours away.

The little room into which the front door opened was divided in two by a counter topped with a series of pigeon-holes where the mail was alphabetically placed. The letter *chûte* under the wicket in the centre gave directly on to the worn desk where the postmaster exercised his daily avocation and, at rare intervals, practised his almost forgotten profession, the entire "minutes" of which were easily packed into the small, old-fashioned safe standing in the corner.

A quaint little old-world figure, in out-of-date rusty black, sat erect in the official chair, disdaining the supporting back and with a hand resting lightly on either arm. A sparse fringe of grey hair fell away from the shining crown and flowed over the antique neckcloth and semi-clerical coat-collar. Two beady black eyes twinkled with the alertness of a squirrel's through the glasses of a pair of horn-framed spectacles exactly placed on the bridge of a well-moulded nose. The wrinkled cheek and chin were clean shaven, and the thin lips closed firmly, giving to the mouth an air of methodical precision which long, close following of documental wordings had intensified and deepened.

At the moment the eyes behind the glasses beamed with mingled gallantry, devotion and concern in the direction of the other figure seated in the high-backed rocking-chair, which swayed rhythmically to the accompaniment of the clicking needles the taper fingers were deftly manipulating in fashioning the sock destined for one of the slippered feet planted on the floor opposite.

It were small wonder if the eyes of the little notary should rest with loving approval on the stately form in the rocking-chair. From the dainty little foot tapping the floor as each oscillation brought it within reach,

up the sober grey dress and plain bodice finished with its muslin *fichu*, over the high-bred, regular features, and delicately tinted satin cheek, taking passing toll of the wells in the deeps of the vivacious eyes, still retaining their youthful vigor unimpaired, and on to the luxuriant, silvery hair brushed back from the forehead *à la Pompadour*, the glance swept, and took in the *ensemble* wanting only proper frame to complete some Eighteenth Century portrait of a forgotten ancestor of the old *régime*, then wandered off into space as a faint sigh escaped from beneath the folds of the neckcloth and the dingy black vest.

"And wherefore so, *cheri*? Dost sigh for thy withered hot-house blooms in the city, or some yet undiscovered wood-blossom? Look thee, now, I am scarce *passé*, and not ill-favored."

"Nay, *Toinnette*, jest not thus. Thou knowest I have place for none but thee."

"Then why distress thee? Supper is provided, and the winter is far off."

"Ah! but I cannot thus lightly regard. Thou hast *esprit* and canst forget. But me, I think, and fear for thee, when I am gone and the little pittance ceases."

"But do I complain? Tell me, now, all thy black thought, that I may kiss the cloud away!"

"Thou knowest how the *clientèle* fell away. How they wearied of me and would no more of my cultivated art in engrossing a deed, but would employ a new-comer with typewriter and curt phrase. How the children died, or went where money grew more plentiful. How friends moved the Government to pity my need and give me this little *Poste*, with its meagre revenue. How thy savings were all put into this little house and modest furnishings. How rarely the client comes to the desk. How, if *le bon Dieu* should call me first, thou—"

"Nay, then, thy trouble is the other way. Look thee! should *I* be called, who would care for *thee*, and remind thee that with a good wife and nothing else thou art rich? But when she dowers thee with a fine house all needfully furnished, and keeps it neat for thee, and mends thy own and her small store of clothes so that none need be purchased, and all of the two hundred dollars thou art able to earn in the year may be reserved for food and winter fire and a roll of *tabac* for thy pipe, then, indeed, thou art passing rich beyond all further want, and an ingrate, and—and—thy 'Toinnette loves thee—and would cheer thee—and will kiss the black devils away! There!—How likest thou the taste?"

"Ah! 'Toinnette, 'Toinnette, thou art the same but for the years and the silver in thy hair, as when I took thee from thy home in the Place Viger long ago, and what I should have done, and would do, without thee, *le bon Dieu* only knows. But even thou canst not deny that the Lenten fare comes often out of season. And one may be permitted to dream of the taste of a glass of wine, the odor of a cigar, and the smell of a feast-day cooking. If we could but gather another fifty dollars in the year, and had even one hundred dollars in hand against the time of sickness, I could almost join thee in thy cheerful survey."

"*Courage, mon ami!* Reassure thyself! If thou hast not wealth, there is yet enough, and thy ship may one day come in. Now, *grace à Dieu*, none demands his unpaid debt, and honorable poverty is no disgrace."

"True, 'Toinnette, mine honor none may take away. And, as thou sayest, I have *thee*. For the rest, it shall be as God wills."

The pious expression of resignation came unreservedly from the bottom of the honest old heart, and the sus-

picion of an accompanying sigh was but evidence of the fallibility of the flesh, and it passed unmarked into the silence which gently fell upon the two old lovers, while the tinkling needles took up their interrupted task.

Their reveries were sharply broken in upon by a fusilade of barks running down the street like a *feu-de-joie* round the lines of troops on the Champ de Mars on a review day. A spanking team came whirling through the sand of the road, the driver's whip snapping a fire-cracker accompaniment to the ranged-up challengers sentinelling each doorstep, and brought up with a final spurt and flourish before the door bearing the double sign of the *Bureau de Poste* and the *Notaire Publique*.

The two occupants of the buckboard, modishly dressed in summer *négligé*, sprang lightly to the ground, and with swift, half-contemptuous glance at the mean surroundings, passed with brusque and business-like air through the outer door into the ante-room where the little notary stood in bowing expectancy before such unaccustomed imperious activity.

"Ah! Good day!—Mr. Notary Larochelle, I believe! My name's Snatchet. My partner, Skinner. Came out from town and drove the five miles from the station just to talk a little business with you. Want to catch the evening train back. If you've got half an hour to spare now we may as well get to work, eh?"

The usual suavely deliberate manner of the little notary gave way in wonderment before such impetuosity, and the touch of irony in the inquiry passed unnoticed in his bewilderment. He was literally swept off his feet into the arms of the official chair in the inner sanctum, which he had vacated in advancing to greet a possible client, and as the sense of dignity and authority came again with the contact, he slowly scanned the card handed to him, and peering through the big glasses he read:

SNATCHET & SKINNER,
MINING BROKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS,
23 AND 25 METROPOLITAN TRUST BUILDING.

Laying the card carefully on the corner of the big desk, he saw through the half-closed door of the living-room, to which his wife had retreated, the loved form and still busy fingers, and took heart for the forthcoming interview seemingly big with portent. Turning with courteous affability to his new clients, he smilingly inquired:

"And to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit? What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"Oh! small matter. Important, though. Money in it, too. But you smoke, I see! Try one of these. Hiram's best. You know what that means."

As the long-forgotten flavor appealed to his dormant, cultured taste, and the aromatic clouds floated up to his nostrils and wreathed his grey head, old memories seemed to be transforming themselves into prospective hopes, and dreams taking shape in realizations, and he permitted himself unwonted ease of attitude in leaning back in his chair, and with elbows resting and fingertips meeting he again addressed the clients sitting opposite.

"Proceed, Mr.—ah—" with a glance at the card—"Snatchet. I am all attention."

"Well, to cut it short, here's a deed. Recognize it?"

Leaning forward and taking the paper, the notary adjusted his glasses, scanned the endorsement, glanced rapidly through the folios to the signatures, and answered:

"Assuredly. 'Tis an example of my own poor skill in such things."

"It's French, but I think I've got the gist of it. Please give the exact drift—never mind the frills."

"Well, gentlemen, shorn of those unappreciated adornments of phraseology which raise the instrument of mere commercialism into the realm of art, the bare import of this paper is plain. It is a duly certified copy of a deed bearing number three thousand six hundred and forty-five, remaining of record in my office. It sets up that on such a day appeared before me, Larochelle, Notary, one Francois Xavier Letourneau, Farmer, of the first part, who sold to Jean Baptiste Galibert, Agent, of the second part, Lots nine and eleven, Lost River Range, Parish of l'Épiphanie, Township of Roberval, County of Laurentia, Province of Quebec, with house and farm buildings thereon erected, for the consideration of one thousand dollars paid in cash at the passing of the deed, which is signed by the parties making their marks, and me, the said notary. I remember the matter perfectly, too, as the date is but recent."

"And all those pages covered by so little matter! Sad waste of good paper, Mr. Notary. This Promise of Sale, now—a single sheet, you see. Kindly compare it with the deed."

"M-m-m—Yes! Same property. Promising vendor, Galibert. Agreeing purchasers, yourselves, my esteemed new acquaintances. Consideration, *two* thousand dollars—ah, nice little profit accruing to Monsieur Galibert. But what is this? Lots *seven*, nine and eleven. But number seven is not conveyed by the deed, gentlemen."

"Just so! It's that little discrepancy we want adjusted."

"But how? Why come to me?—at the moment, that is to say. When you shall have acquired Lot number seven from the owner I shall be proud to act for you in my notarial capacity."

"Can't be done, sir! Letourneau was the last of his family. He was killed on the railway coming to the

city, where he intended to end his days after selling his farm. You're aware that Lot seven was part of his homestead, and Galibert evidently believed he had purchased it, seeing he included it in his promise of sale to us."

"A very unfortunate situation, gentlemen, but the facts are clear. I need not tell you that a deed takes no cognizance of unexpressed understandings. Moreover, once signed, it is unalterable."

"Excuse me. There we differ."

"Sir!—Would you instruct me in my profession?"

"Not at all! Not at all! Merely throw out a hint."

"Then I must beg you will fully explain your meaning, which I confess I do not quite comprehend."

"All right, then. We'll be perfectly frank. We're business men, Skinner and I, and we've talked the thing over. We want this lot for a purpose of our own and we can't get hold of it in the regular way, or we shouldn't have come to you. You can fix it with a turn of your wrist, and we offer you a hundred dollars for your little trouble."

"Make it *two*," put in Skinner, who had been watching the uncertain expression of the notary's face as his voluble partner talked.

"Really, gentlemen, this grows interesting. Pray proceed. Two—hundred—dollars, you said. 'Tis indeed a large sum. And for this you wish—?"

"Merely a marginal note of a single word in your original minute—in French, four letters, s-e-p-t—fifty dollars a letter, and the proper initialing thrown in."

"Ah!—I see—a bribe—"

"My dear sir!—Skinner will tell you we business men have no such word."

"To commit forgery—"

"Tut, tut, Mr. Notary! Please drop these harsh

technicalities and let's talk business. We only ask you to amend a professional oversight, and offer to pay you well for it."

"But do you not make a mistake?"

"Think so? Well, perhaps we do. Excuse us while Skinner and I have a word together."

The little notary sat pale and silent in the official chair gazing intently over his meeting finger-tips and seeing nothing, while the two stood apart and hurriedly conferred in eager whisperings. Coming forward and breaking into the notary's reverie, Snatchet abruptly resumed:

"Well, Mr. Notary, Skinner seems disposed to agree with you, and I'm ready to back him up. We recognize the little irregularity, but you'll admit the thing is easily done. The deed is signed by parties making their marks. No copy has yet been registered. A marginal note in your original minute, duly initialled, with a fresh certified copy, and there you are! For this slight service we now offer you one thousand dollars!"

"Ah-h-h!—A fortune, truly! This land must surely be very valuable. And this is your last word?"

"Really, Mr. Notary, you've quite a gift for business. No idea you'd be so exacting, though. Come along, Skinner, let's revise our figures and see what we can do."

The conversation in the corner was a trifle more prolonged, and the whisperings a little more eager, but neither of the partners saw that the eyes behind the spectacles had taken an upward look, the thin lips were relaxed in whisperings of their own, and that palms as well as finger-tips were met in close touch; and none of all the three were aware of the brooding form and saintly face crowned with its silver aureole which watched with tender eyes of love and benediction the outcome of a new Temptation in the Wilderness from its niche in the adjoining doorway.

The watching form disappeared from the vantage-point of the doorway. The professional air came back to the figure in the official chair. A half-smile of faint expectancy greeted the negotiators as they again sat facing the notary, and Snatchet continued:

"It may be a bluff, Mr. Notary, but you seem to hold the cards. It's a call to see us, anyway, and we show our hand. It's like this. Valuable plumbago deposits, extensive and rich, have been discovered on this block of land, but unfortunately are confined to Lot number seven, to which we lack clear title. A company is ready to form and capitalize at half a million dollars. Arrangements are pending with the railway to build a branch line, so that transport is cheaply assured. The stuff is rare, valuable, and in large demand. The tonnage in sight is enormous, the deposits can be easily worked, and the profits will be 'way out o' sight. As promoters, Skinner and I are awarded a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of stock, and we expect dividends of at least twenty per cent. We now propose to divide equally with you. Fifty thousand dollars will yield you ten thousand dollars a year—and we give you this for a penful of ink! Besides, there will be much notarial work arising out of the large operations of our company, and other business to which the connection may lead. This should bring you as much more. Twenty thousand a year! Not a bad increase to present income, eh, Mr. Notary? *There's* our 'last word.' What do you say?"

As he finished Snatchet leaned back in his chair to watch the effect of his astounding proposal as its full force was revealed in the moist pallor of brow and twitching lip. Skinner sat in interested expectancy and the rhythmic tick of the office clock alone smote the tense silence with insistent regularity.

The shabby arm-chair became an inquisitorial rack as

the occupant put himself severely to the question. Torn with conflicting emotions, he tried to swiftly reason it out in the brief moment which courtesy allowed him to form his answer. Here was wealth beyond his wildest dreams, and a share in the enterprises of men of affairs for him, and a position worthy of herself in society, which his wife would assume only to adorn. And so easily gained, too! This shrewd business man was assuredly right. His plan was simple and, once adopted, unquestionably fixed. Discovery was impossible—there were no heirs to raise even a doubt. Question of title was effectually barred by the plan suggested. If it were not adopted, all this wealth would lie undeveloped, as there was none to whom it belonged. Why not agree? What stands in the way? Nothing; absolutely nothing, except—Ah! *diable*, there is an exception to thy plea! Ay, *two*,—professional honor and a good conscience! Think, *mon ami*, thy days on earth are few, and the years of Heaven long! Wilt ease the one and peril the other?—Depart thee, Sathanas! Away, and tempt me not!

Slowly the little notary rose to his feet, passed without a glance the two eager faces watching his every move and waiting his word, crossed the short space to the half-open door, and called gently:

“Antoinnette!”

“I am here, love.”

As he took her hand and deferentially led his wife a half-pace into the office, the partners rose to their feet in startled amaze. Still holding the hand of his wife, the notary bowed across the dividing floor-space, and quietly said:

“Permit me, my dear! Mr. Snatchet, Mr. Skinner. Gen—Gentlemen, Madame la Baronne de Jubinville, who honors me in being my wife.”

The studied politeness of the men’s salute scarce hid

their embarrassed unease. With cultured dignity enhancing native grace, the lady courteously bowed, and turned inquiringly to her husband.

"These—commercial gentlemen, my dear, have made me certain proposals—"

"Spare thyself, my love, I have heard—"

"And thou—!"

"Approve all I know my husband will say."

"Ah! My angel! And 'twas for thee I feared and hesitated! Then, my dear, before we invite these—*gentlemen* to withdraw from beneath our humble roof, let me tell them—nay, let *us* say, what is our thought respecting the nefarious proposition they have so mistakenly advanced. We may forgive them, too, for they do not know, and perhaps cannot understand, the feeling with which we regard the honorable tradition of our houses. I think I speak for thee when I say that we cherish our honor as a religion; that it has come down to us with our blood, pure and unsullied; and in our poverty it is the one thing we have not parted with, and will keep to the end. These ephemeral muck-gatherers of the market have no understanding of the sentiments attaching to a profession dating back for centuries, when our scriveners were the trusted servants alike of Church and State, and the recorders of their most carefully guarded secrets. They do not know how inextricably our calling is bound up with the Constitution re-established on the basis of ancient law and custom. In impeaching the immutable inviolability of a Deed, they attack the foundations of society, and impinge on the sacred rights of property which it is the sworn duty of the members of our ancient Guild to safeguard between man and man. They may engage our services for a trifling fee, but they cannot suborn our signature, nor bribe us to do an illegal, unprofessional, or dishonorable

act with all the gold in their bolted coffers. And this these—*financiers* would do, and their price is large, and—I speak for thee, my dear?—Yes?—Then we reject their proffered fortune, and spurn their bribe with scorn! I fear that I may have, perhaps, imperfectly expressed our sentiments, but I think I have made our meaning clear,—and there is nothing more to add, I believe, and—and—we need not detain these—*people* any longer, need we, my dear? No? I thought not. They understand fully, now, and will not prolong their visit.”

The volubility of Snatchet and the alertness of Skinner quite failed them. They took up their hats, and silently bowed themselves out; and, as they climbed into their waiting buckboard and were whirled off to catch their train for the distant city, they caught a farewell glimpse of the lonely old couple framed picture-wise in the inner doorway, she with two shapely arms flung round her husband's neck, to which she clung, gazing with yearning love and wifely devotion into his eyes, while he, with one supporting arm about her waist, was stroking back the silver hair from her brow with the free hand, and kissing away the tears which welled from a full heart. And with minds illumined, they knew the tears were not those of regret.

And Lot number seven remains yet no-man's-land, because no owner is found to give a title; and the shiny black streaks of the plumbago glitter amid the quartz of the bluff throwing its shadow into the waters of the Lake of the Trembling Mountain; and the story has spread about the countryside; and the peasant folk speak with awe of the mine of wealth which none may claim; and the inquiring stranger asking the name of the peculiarly marked hill is told that it is known hereabout as *Le Protêt de M'sieu' le Notaire*.

When the Dawn Breaks and the Shadows Flee.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

NUMBER 21 Avenue Sainte Jeanne d'Arc has nothing characteristic about its architecture which distinguishes it from its neighbors, numbers 19 and 23, on either side, or, indeed, from any of the other houses in the block of ten, numbered from 13 to 31, which adorns the locality. In the opinion of its proud and fortunate owner—who is also its architect and working-builder—the block is a triumph of art and an achievement of finance, making possible the possession in miniature of castellated luxury for the modest rent of fifteen dollars a month. It has plate-glass panes in its oak-grained hall doors, and its fronts are solid limestone, topped with galvanized iron cornice fashioned with embrasured openings along the whole terrace and finished off at either end, and in the centre, with an extra foot or two of turret all painted to match the color of the stone! What matter, then, if the houses squat close to the ground—of which each covers but fifteen feet of frontage and about twenty-five in depth, and aspires to a towering of but a short storey and a half—are they not all "self-contained" in every sense of the word, and have they not the undoubted right to flaunt their superiority in the faces of the mere brick and wood-embellished tenements which occupy the corresponding lot across the way, and command but twelve dollars monthly?

The Avenue is one of the tentacles of the civic octopus which is slowly stretching its whelming arms over the surrounding country, gathering field and farm into its

devouring maw, and is a tribute to the enterprising foresight, commercial shrewdness and municipal "pull" of the man who began life as a day laborer and is now the owner of this private mint which coins money for him while he sleeps. And why not? May not the man who has the courage to risk the capital which he borrows at usurious rates to put into farm lots, contract drains, scamped paving, and jerry-buildings, and the *finesse* to get it all accepted by City Fathers as a taxable civic asset, enjoy the fruits of his labor, and perhaps be awarded a meed of praise?

His choice of a name for his new street may be given passing notice, seeing that it smacks of the architectural originality which walls the pavements. Civic traditional leanings towards saintly street nomenclature may not be disregarded even by radical contracting builders, but one must be up-to-date, and besides the calendar is almost exhausted. Rumors of the proposed canonization of The Maid were then only faintly whispered, but waggish friends translated these as assured fact, and the sign went up on the street corners, to the grief of the faithful and the amusement of scoffers, and it stands there now, and so reads on the cadastral plans in the archives of the City Hall.

It was shortly after these "desirable homes" were finished and the street graded that Harvey FitzGerald, late reporter on the *Daily Transcript*, in the enjoyment of a salary of fifty dollars a month, was sauntering with his girl-wife in those outlying parts looking for the realization of that long-deferred dream of a cosy suburban home now within the compass of the seventy-five-dollar-a-month stipend attached to the post of city editor to which he had just been promoted. The whimsical element in name and structures appealed to his sense of humor, and he declared that here, if anywhere, might one

dwell in the assurance that his house was his castle, and that merit should soon or late have due recognition. Number 21 was the last house untenanted, and to his eager suggestion that it be rented forthwith his wife gave uncertain assent, and the thing was done.

The years passed—quiet hours in the little home, busy nights in the editorial office amid the stir and din associated with the daily appearance of the great morning paper—and though promotion and increased emoluments came in swift course, till the managing editor's chair was reached, here they still remained, despite the young wife's tentative suggestions to branch out in keeping with improved fortunes.

The able editor was a tower of strength to his party, and in the business world a leavening force working for the betterment of high commerce. His impersonal leading articles were easily distinguishable by their scholastic flavor and trenchant diction, and an occasional unsigned poem of rare imaginative quality, or prose article of marked literary merit, appearing at all too infrequent intervals in his own columns or the pages of contemporary magazines, piqued unsatisfied desire for further word from a new, thinly-veiled contributor to a growing national literature. An undertone of cultured cynicism pervaded much of his work dealing with the customs, foibles, even beliefs—or what passed as such—of society, never blatant, always refined; but the “unco’ guid,” to whom the ink seemed specially to cling, denounced it as all the more dangerous. These self-constituted censors lost no opportunity to retaliate by endeavoring to attach the stigma of agnosticism, even infidelity, to the writer's productions, while his friends vainly urged him to publish at length in self-vindication.

Outwardly unmoved, visibly aging, he buckled to the day's stint with grim doggedness, sharply dividing the

office night duties from his library studies and work, but stealing long afternoon hours for the pursuit of these recreative labors from time which should have been given to sleep or spent in the open air. This double life at high pressure was paid for at heavy cost, and the inevitable collapse was sudden and the course swift. All suggestions to call in a physician were met with ill-concealed impatience, and would-be counsellors were referred to Montaigne for opinions at large upon the craft.

"Doctors!" he broke out one day to his life-long friend the Rev. Gavin Mackelcan, "What can any of them do? Tell me I'm dying, perhaps, and that I know. As well call in the priest! Let be, then, and let me die in peace."

Number 21 now became a centre of peculiar interest to the few old friends whose assiduity in ministration was constant. Late associates dropped in with word of cheer and still-enjoyed gossip of the work-a-day life swiftly slipping from ken. The situation was frankly acknowledged and the parting clearly in sight, but the inevitable was accepted and the issue faced.

"Don't grieve, lads, my job's done and I'm being paid off, that's all," he would say, adding once, "If you write me up, and can honestly think it, quote Kipling's words: 'He did his work, and held his peace, and had no fear to die.' If a man deserves that he wants no better epitaph."

His devoted wife sought to interpose the nurse's authority in limiting the number of visitors, till, finding this futile, she gave way entirely to his wish to see and talk with all comers. She was scarcely prepared, however, for the request he one day made to be assisted into his library, and expostulated:

"Harvey, dear, you'll kill yourself!"

"Well! 'How can man die better?'" he banteringly quoted, but, seeing the shocked look, kindly added:

"Never mind, dear; do as I say this time; I won't trouble you much longer."

He was with difficulty assisted to the adjoining room, and as he sank back among the cushions and was covered up with the rugs of the library couch the little wife, seeing his exhaustion, and reproaching herself with having been the means of realizing her worst fears, fell upon her knees beside the couch, clasped his hand and buried her face in the pillows to shut out what she feared to look upon.

Will, however, asserted its supremacy over vitality, and as his eyes opened to the surroundings, and fell upon the pillowed head, he gently placed the disengaged hand upon the silken locks, and, letting his glance wander lovingly over the rows of familiar covers and titles which seemed to nod back kindly greeting, gave wordless expression to his emotion in a sigh of utter content.

What pathos, and yet what incongruity! The half-recumbent, worn body, scarce able to bear the weight of the splendid head, still magnificent in contour and carriage, and instinct with intellect and spirituality illuminating the wasted features; the face, framed in dark, flowing hair and silky beard, both prematurely touched with grey, and startlingly suggestive of the typical Christ of Art; the thin, delicate hands, unmistakably indicating the artistic temperament in form and texture,—all betokening a refined nature almost totally devoid of animality, and telling of a lofty spirit parting from its containing environment before the set time. Of the earth, assuredly, the kneeling figure clasping the thin hand, yet comely enough in its bloom of early womanhood. Rather below the average stature, of compact form and rounded limbs, with golden-crowned head well set on full throat and bust, the flush of youthful health scarcely dimmed by the nursing pallor, it would, but for a certain proprietary

air—half wifely, half that of motherhood brooding over a helpless charge—suggest the relationship of daughter, not wife. But, if assurance were wanting, it were only needful to catch the unmistakable light in the eyes of fecund maternity denied children and lavishing its wealth of love on an adored husband, which glorified otherwise commonplace features, as the wife looked longingly into the husband's face and waited for him to speak.

"Ah! my books, my friends! Glorious old Montaigne, how well you expressed the delight in their mere companionship, and how well I know it!"

"And me, Harvey, dear! Don't you love me better?"

"What, jealous! Mayn't I stray a little now?"

"Oh, no—no—no! Now, more than ever, I want you all to myself!"

"What a greedy little person it is!"

"Don't, Harvey, it hurts. I ask for love and you give me a jest!"

"Well, well, forgive me, dear. We men do flounder about clumsily sometimes. But why not take things for granted? There's no other woman in the case."

"Ah, that's just it! If it was a woman I'd—but a book!"

"True, quite foolish to wreak vengeance on that. Some of them are rare and valuable, too. But don't you think I love you, little wife?"

"Ye-s, I—I think you do, dear."

"Aren't you sure?"

"Oh, my husband, my own dear love, tell me you do! It's foolish even to question it, but I do so want to be sure!"

"After all these years? Oh, wife!"

"Ah, sweetheart, forgive me! I'm a wicked woman, let me confess it, and let there be nothing between us now. I've meant to be your own true wife and tried to

show it. Show it! The trouble has been not to show it when I thought you didn't care. And you did care all the time, and I was jealous, and forgot that a man doesn't love as a woman does. He has other things, and love's a woman's all!"

"So my poet friend up there says—"

"I'm not learned in poet-lore, dear, but I know a woman's heart, and it's life and love that feed and fill it, not poetic philosophy. But let me go on. I couldn't 'take things for granted.' I wanted to be told. I got to hate your work that gave us bread, because I couldn't share your counsels. I resented the leisure you gave to writing, because I couldn't help you with it. I grudged the money wasted in books when it might have better been spent in improved home comforts and little luxuries of travel and dress. I felt lonely. I thought you cold and indifferent. I couldn't understand why you should wear yourself out in scribbling to no purpose, when money could be got for stories and poems from the magazines if you only made them acceptable—"

"Ah-h-h!—A pander!—A broker!—I—sell my own brain children in the market for toys—!"

"I would steal a look at your manuscripts sometimes, and even I could see beauty and value in them. I became possessed with the evil thought to destroy them all, that none should profit by them if I could not. I think I must have been mad at times. Some demon seemed to be impelling me to attack anything which would rob me of you. Yet you were always my husband, my ideal, my lover who was being stolen from me, never, I feared, to be regained."

"Poor little woman! Was our marriage all a mistake, then—mating, not wedding?"

"No—no—no! Don't say that—don't think it, Harvey dear! I'm to blame for encouraging a too sensitive

craving for sympathy. I own to wanting it, and it's sweet to have it now."

"And now it's too late! I, too,—but no matter. You'll think of me kindly—I hope proudly, yet—and time may bring amend. Is that some one coming? Sounds like Gavin. Kiss me, dear, and show him in."

She rose to her feet, gently smoothed back the flowing hair from the pale brow, took the wasted face between her hands, looked lovingly into the eloquent eyes, pressed a long and tender kiss upon the thin lips, and with a parting glance of all-possessing, all-surrendering love, left him to usher in his old friend, Gavin Mackelcan, pastor of Melancthon Church.

Notwithstanding marked differences of temperament and environment, the friendship between the Reverend Gavin and Harvey FitzGerald was of long date, and continued close, to the surprise of many. The one of sturdy physique, overflowing with vitality and bearing on shaven cheek the glow of health caught in recreative out-of-door hours, clothed in the latest mode of conventional clerical attire, and carrying himself with the air of quiet assurance born of the admiration, authority and generous stipend enthusiastically awarded their handsome bachelor pastor by an influential congregation of unimpeached respectability; the other of Bohemian associations, radical tendencies and a general air of artistic *négligé*, intensified by the student pallor and hirsute *deshabillé*,—no wonder folk turned to look as occasionally they were seen strolling arm-in-arm in absorbed talk on the city's busiest thoroughfare. The contrast was more strongly marked now as Gavin walked over to the couch and took the worn hand of his friend.

"Well, old boy, better to-day, eh?"

"Better! Don't be a fool, Gavin. Better to-morrow, perhaps; who knows? Sit down. I want to talk.

Bessie—shut the door—thanks!—Bessie and I, it seems, have been playing at cross purposes—she thinks she has things straightened out—God forbid she be undeceived. I see it now. I did wrong to marry—her or any other. Bohemia and domesticity are non-contracting parties. I was honestly mistaken, though, when I wedded my little sweetheart. I was more than content, and looked at heaven through her eyes. Usual thing, of course, but I didn't allow for the reaction. This came with my first promotion, and I dived into work to find forgetfulness. I tried to conceal my unresponsiveness to her caresses. They only wearied me, and I took refuge in my library, studying or writing. A wiser woman would have held aloof and waited, but my little Bessie only reproached herself and lavished her kisses the more. I sometimes sighed for past wild days and old irregular connections, but happily never sought them again. She wanted endearments; I craved companionship, and that congeniality in tastes and aspirations which alone consecrate marriage and ensure enduring love. We had nothing in common. I felt myself drifting—and hoped she didn't see. I cursed unheeding fate which planned the ill-assorted match—and labored to make amend. I revelled in my growing collection of books—yet was careful in my purchase of editions and bindings to secure full and lasting value. I wrote ceaselessly, seeking to give expression to surging thought, and striving always to pitch the highest note—but I was a severe critic and polished with care. I gloated over my books and manuscripts as a miser fingers his gold, refusing to part with any—yet thinking always how, by and by, these should make up to Bessie in a measure for present lack. I held to great Verulam's teaching, that a man's fame should follow rather than go with him—yet yearned to taste

it with living lips. Ah, me! Nature makes sad misfits, sometimes—if you and Bessie, now—!”

“What, I—why, she—we—!”

“Of course, both of you. Why not? Stranger things have happened. Let it pass, though, and hear me out. I make you joint executor with Bessie. Everything is hers except fifty books which you will choose and take with my dear love. The rest you will sell, in one lot, if possible, with first offer to the Public Library. My manuscripts you will find arranged for publication as ‘Essays,’ ‘Poems’ and ‘Stories.’ They’ll pass the critics and stand as literature, and by my work as a whole I wish to be judged. Manage rightly, and with my little insurance there’s a sufficient modest income assured to Bessie—and if she and you—well, that’s as it may be—don’t tell her, though. That’s all, I think, except—good-bye, old fellow!”

“No, not all, Harvey,” said Gavin, as he took the thin fingers tenderly in his strong right hand and gently stroked them with the other as a child might be comforted. “You won’t mind a word that is laid on me to say, will you?”

“Surely not, Gavin. You know I always wagged a free tongue myself, and was the last to forbid another’s speech. You look burdened with the weight of it, too. ‘Uncover, boy, uncover!’”

“It is, indeed, no light matter, and my soul is charged with the sin of long holding back. But I was weak, Harvey, I feared your displeasure and shrank from your jest. Your friendship was so much to me, I dared not risk the loss by an ill-timed word. But I was recreant in my Master’s service. The charm of your intellect captured my will, and I forgot my duty as a shepherd of souls. Oh, Harvey, as I love you and hope for pardon, I beg you even now to accept the sin-atoning sacrifice

once for all offered up to ransom a doomed world, by which alone the lost may find salvation in the Great Day. Do not, I implore, put from you beyond recall the redemption purchased at such a price. Let not that sad 'too late!' be laid to my charge. Don't leave me without the blessed assurance that all is well with you, my friend!"

The alert look which met Gavin's faltering request died out of the tired eyes as the earnest words fell from trembling lips. Sadly Gavin watched the brows knit, and the alternate flush and pallor spread on the loved, half-averted face. As the lips moved he bent to catch the longed-for answer, but when instead of words of Christian hope the muttered phrase of the old heathen, "Et tu, Brute!" fell upon his straining ear he staggered back as if smitten with a blow.

Slowly the weary head turned on the pillows, and the gloom vanished before the returning glow flushing cheek and brow, chasing away the shadows hovering about the speaking eyes as they again flashed their old-time appeal up to those of the friend who stood in tense, regardful attitude.

With the old winning smile of grave tolerance mingled with gentle raillery, Harvey waved his hand in the direction of the vacated chair by the couch, and familiarly laying the hand on his friend's knee, gave him back his own words:

"'You won't mind a word that is laid on *me* to say?'"

"You've won again. Harvey. Speak your whole thought, if you will."

"I can't say I'm disappointed in you, Gavin, for I long ago took you to my heart of hearts for better or worse, and I know you at best and worst better than you know yourself. I made all allowances for the mediæval taint still clinging to the latter-day cleric and confusing in his

mind the functions of pastor and priest, for I know that the work of the iconoclastic Renaissants is still incomplete. What trips me up is to find that, while my heart was not worn where any chatterer might pluck at, you, from whom I would hide nothing, should fail to read aright. I fancied you might have remembered that the scoff of Democritus veiled the winged thought of the philosopher. I hoped you understood that cynicism might perhaps be sobriety in masquerade, and a jest but the safety-valve to pent emotion. You ask me if all is well, and I reply that it's no engrossing concern of mine. When the soldier enlists he ignores consequences and waives responsibility. Though Life-enlistment is involuntary, I followed the service rule. Questions of the living present, not the uncertain future, beat their insistent clamor. I had things to do, and I did them as best I knew—'painted the things as I saw them for the God of Things as they Are,' if I may reverently say it. I put aside the partial view that 'our little life is rounded by a sleep,' and rested in the 'larger hope' that 'transplanted human worth will bloom to profit elsewhere,' hoping that I might be found not entirely unworthy, groping by the light I had, and trusting where I could not see. I utterly repudiated the horrible, blood-laden doctrine that any human soul is fore-ordained to eternal damnation by a Divine Creator unless, by assenting to a priest-made creed, misconstrued from ancient literatures and heathen rites, the guardian of this soul-tenant shall thereby secure for it eternal bliss, holding it essentially pagan and as false as its converse may be true, that this soul-guardian has it in its power to develop the intrusted germ of immortality into a plant of undying growth or by neglect to kill it beyond all chance of resurrection! There's an 'Indeterminate Sentence' for you, but when I hear folk talk about 'saving their precious souls' when they mean

their 'precious skins,' I foolishly spend good breath. I've none to waste now, Gavin, and I want to leave you a last word. Fling away these so-called beliefs you've inherited and hold half-heartedly at best. Weigh all Dogma in the even balance of Reason. Follow Truth, not Authority. Preach the ethics of conduct and character from the sayings of the Great Teacher, or the inspired writings of lesser ones. Don't mis-read Divine Command into mere literature. Define Free-Will as entire liberty to do and be for good or ill, and Election the putting of will into act. Draw from Life, not the Schools, and give out Experience, not Traditions. Teach that Salvation means Surrender, and believe that Altruism transcends Atonement. Think of Heaven as a state, and Hell a condition, made by, not prepared for, us. Let Prayer be the pledge of fealty, not a whine for the beggar's dole. Remember—Ah-h-h!—what—was—that?—Bessie! Gavin!—the Call—Lead—kindly—light—I—follow—the—Gleam—!"

Because She Hath Loved Much.

"*Mais, c'est beau, magnifique, superbe!*" softly whispered the *Curé*, as he closed his breviary and rested his glance on the soft blues of river and sky beneath and above, and the tender greens of the trees on Ile Ste. Hélène, just across St. Mary's Current, in front.

He did not intend these somewhat extravagant terms, however applicable, to qualify the sonorous Latin phrases which had slipped so glibly from his lips as he read, half-audibly, the daily Office, nor could the most indulgent critic apply them to the tawdry architectural renovations of the little chapel of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, which surrounded and towered above him in belfry and pinnacle and angel wing. Despite these affronts to his severe good taste, for which he was not at all responsible, the *Curé* loved to pass his spare moments perched up here in the little balcony shadowed by the outstretched, blessing hands of Our Lady, far above the clamor of the *Marché Bonsecours*, the rumble of passing train, the rattle of block and tackle, the snorting of the donkey-engines, and the shouts of the stevedores' gangs unloading the vessels moored to the wharves below. He loved, at times when visitors were not permitted, to retire in meditation, and for the reading of his set daily portion, to this elevated perch, far enough removed from the busy world, and yet reminded by the distance-softened murmurs which floated up from the city that there his work lay and his cross must be suffered.

That he bore a cross other than that which hung by his side amid the folds of his black *soutane* was plainly writ in heavy strokes on hollow cheeks and furrowed

brow ; but that, nevertheless, it would be bravely endured was shown in the unafraid eyes that lit, and the resolute closed lips and firm chin that gave character to, his clean-shaven, ascetic face.

"Ah, yes, beautiful, truly, and superb beyond compare, '*Canada, mon Pays, mes amours!*'" cried the *Curé*, with intertwining fingers and clasped hands stretched in passionate gesture over the railing of the balcony.

Follow his glance as it sweeps to the left down stream, stays for a moment on the silver gleam flashing from the spire of Longue Pointe Church across to the towers of Longueuil, lighting the intervening blue of the great river flowing on to the sea, and smiling in passing at the beam shot back from the distant spires of Verchères, Varennes and Boucherville twinkling between. Back again up the South Shore, from Rougemont's peak to the crest of St. Hilaire in the middle distance, past the mountain tops that cut the horizon in the far south, over the forest of green that divides the waters of the Great River, the eye sweeps; then on by St. Lambert, under the girders of the Victoria Bridge, catching faint glint of the flash of Laprairie Church spire, and, essaying to pass the barrier of Nuns' Island, where the rapids tumble and foam, is there stayed where the first explorers fondly thought lay the gateway to the Lands of Spices and Dreams.

"Oh, why am I thus bound?" broke again from the tense lips, while nervous fingers twitched impatiently at the tassels of the silken sash girding the folds of the black *soutane*. But as the wandering fingers touched the cold metal of the crucifix hanging from its silver chain, a changed expression, half shocked, half defiant, came over the *Curé's* pale face as he hurriedly crossed himself and muttered an apologetic "*Ave.*"

"A divine service, truly, and yet ill-fitted to one whose

blood still leaps with the life of a man, and whose brain yet throbs with the quick thought that moves to swift action. Of a truth would I serve God with a devout soul, yet would I serve my country, too, and perhaps thus better serve the good God who made it so beautiful. But here I am, tight-gripped by the dead hand of an effete ecclesiasticism—bought body and soul for a *sou-tane*, a crust of bread and a cot! Oh for a twentieth-century Renaissance and the spiritual uplifting of a noble race stupefied with the fumes of the swinging censer! Ah, me! one must not speak ill of dignitaries, nor is it meet that the servant quarrel with his salt; yet would to God I were free! Nay, but even if I were, 'tis too late; the cards are dealt, and my fate is cut! What avail to begin a new life weighted with the clinging years of a mistaken past? Work on I must, in the old rut, bearing and cheering as best I may. Yet will I keep my dreams—dreams of the long ago when the awesome mysteries of Trembling Mountain, and the gloom of the forests about the Great Lake, and the smell of the pines, and the loneliness of the little farm nestling among the Laurentian Hills wrought the fibre of a child's imagination and bequeathed it to the man! Ah! and the wild mountain columbine of the red blooms that gripped my heart with its clinging tendrils! '*La plus belle de Labelle*' she was to all the neighbors, in their quaint phrase; but what to me, then, God and she alone know. Now she, too, is but a dream with the rest, a sin to be put away, as all thoughts of one another were sternly ordered to be banished when the convent girl and the seminary student went their separate ways by the decree of an ambitious peasant-farmer who would see his son a priest. *Jésu!* a priest!—an unsexed thing in the garb of a woman which serves alike to cloak a libertine or shroud a saint in the emasculated body of a man! Ah, well, clean hands and

a pure heart, thank God, I still may hope for through prayer and fasting; and the warm touch of a brother's hand is yet mine to share!"

The *Curé* again hastily checked his erring thoughts with an apologetic "sign," and with an ill-suppressed sigh began pacing back and forth along the narrow space of the little balcony with bowed head, his finger marking the appointed place in the breviary, which he had taken up and now loosely held in hands clasped behind his back, lost in meditation. His wandering imagination was startled into sudden consideration of the immediate every day as a soft-toned, well-modulated voice broke in upon his reverie:

"*M'ssieu'! Pardon, M'ssieu' le Curé!*" and suddenly turning, he faced the round, smooth countenance and fat shoulders of his sacristan thrust half-way through the little door leading out on to the balcony.

"Well, Antoine, what is it?"

"*'Le Papillon' se passé, m'ssieu', et elle voudrait se confesser!*" and, with the assured manner of an old retainer confident that his words conveyed full explanation and left nothing more to be said, the round head followed the fat shoulders in their swift withdrawal into the belfry, and as the *Curé* quickly followed he murmured softly to himself:

"*'The Butterfly' dying! Well, we all come to it, butterflies and beavers alike,*" adding, as he caught up with Antoine in his leisurely descent: "But who is the lady who would confess, and why is she thus named?"

"Ach! the *créature! M'ssieu' le Curé* does not know of such. The law permits, but when the doomed moth would seek ease from the hurt of the alluring candle 'tis for Holy Church to show its power and thrust it back to burn!"

"Nay, nay, good Antoine, thou'rt of the long ago.

To-day 'tis the Church's mission to save such triflers to the glory of God and Her own honor, and truly none do need it more."

"But *this, M'ssieu'*, this *toy*, this plaything for every drunken sailor that soils the pavement in passing our chapel to her unholy door, she is surely damned already; and can she be plucked from the devil by the bribe of a drop of oil and a wafer?"

"Peace, blasphemer! Prepare to attend me with the elements, while I think on thy penance!" cried the *Curé*. But as he passed to the sacristy to enrobe himself, his questionings came again to trouble him:

"He may be right, in a measure at least; but aside from the mysterious power the Church assures us is wrapped in her holy ordinances, full well do I know the comfort the last rite brings to the passing soul and the faithful who remain, explain it away as one will. Duty and inclination suffice to commend to conscience that which faith may not fully approve, therefore I go. Lead on, Antoine," he continued, aloud, as the sacristan appeared, bell in hand.

The sudden transition, as they stepped, bare-headed and surplice-clad, from the solemn stillness of the chapel into the bustle and chatter of the market-place was unheeded by the priest, as with bowed head and downcast glance he passed along bearing the Host and preceded by the sacristan tinkling his warning, "*à genoux!*"

The awesome manifestation of the visible passing of God to the conquest of death silenced all tongues. The heretic simply stared with a glance of indifference or contempt, but the faithful dropped at once to their knees, with hats off and muttered prayer, till the procession passed, when business was promptly resumed at the point where it was broken off. The tinkling bell and the surplices and the Holy Thing passed on to one of the neigh-

boring streets leading to the wharves, once the abode of wealth and beauty, but now given up to the abandoned of both sexes, and unsafe for respectability of clothes or morals to wander in at night. Stopping before one of the largest houses, whose massive stone walls, high-pitched roof and still clinging iron shutters proclaimed it to the *Curé's* trained knowledge as the abode of nobility in the days of the old French *règime*, the sacristan, with a suppressed growl of defiance at the hoodlums who had dared to follow, and a deprecatory gesture to the priest, signified that this was the place.

Nodding to his attendant to lead on, the priest followed his vanishing form through the heavy-columned doorway into the dark entrance hall and up the high-pitched, narrow stair to the landing above, where they came upon a group of the inmates whispering together with white, scared faces, and excitedly clutching each other's arms as now a piercing scream and again a wild laugh smote the awed silence through a closed door.

"'Tis she!" said one, answering the priest's stern look of inquiry, with white lips.

"Drunk or crazy, perhaps both," growled Antoine, under his breath, adding sharply in a half-voice: "Bid the penitent prepare, that the Father be not needlessly detained in this unholy place!"

With compressed lips and folded hands, the priest remained standing in tacit confirmation of his attendant's curt order, and while it was being carried out thought was again busy. What new revelation of the depths to which depravity can descend was to be poured into his weary ears? When should his tired brain unravel the tangle set up by the endless crossing of his reason and his creed? How should he with an honest conscience bring comfort to a dying sinner and assure absolution

and heaven to such as this on a mere confession of sin in the last hour?

While questioning thus, amid the hushed silence that fell upon the little knot gathered in the dim landing as the sounds from the room ceased, the door was noiselessly opened by the returning messenger. Waving aside the onlookers, the priest entered, closed the door, and stood alone within the room, sorrowfully gazing upon the fever-flushed, emaciated form lying so wearily on the great canopied bed, strangely out of place amid otherwise commonplace surroundings, and seemingly, like the house itself, a relic of better days. With swift glance, the sad eyes of the priest standing in the middle swept the space of the ample chamber, rested with a start of surprise upon the crucifix with its little font fastened to the wall facing the bed, and looked pityingly into those burning ones on the white pillows meeting his own. Suddenly the form sat erect, supported itself with one hand, and with outstretched, mocking finger of the other pointed full at the priest, broke into the wild laugh:

“Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!—Art come, my gay Cuckoo, to oust the poor little Magpie from her warm nest? Nay, say not so, 'tis big and soft and roomy enough for two, and thou'rt not the first! 'Twas given me by the Owl that peers through his solemn spectacles in the Court House yonder. But he looked not so when he pressed its soft cushions, and his eyes were bright and his skin soft for all his spectacles and his heavy robe. But he liked it not when the gay Kingfisher would gossip with the Magpie, for their chatter wearied him and he came no more; and yet, look you, there be room for three! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho!—what fine feathers and frolics in those summer days! But the Hawk swooped down, and the Kingfisher flew away, and the Magpie was unhappy and afraid, and the nest

was soiled by the passing of many. Yet some would bring a worm and others a bit of rag, and the nest was mended and the Magpie fed, and she chirped again among the feathered folk. And not all wore gay coats, but now and then a solemn Blackbird with gown as sleek as thine would come in the dusk; for, see you, how the cushions are soft and ample, and the Black Coats love to take their ease! The sly rogues, well I know them! Ha, ha! Ho—!”

The priest stood silent and motionless during this outburst, his calm eyes fixed on the blazing ones whose flash of defiance melted into the gleam of fear, and, as dead ashes slowly absorbing dying embers, the lids closed and the limp form fell back among the white pillows as the soft, pitying voice of the priest was heard for the first time:

“My poor child, may God forgive you and receive the confession you desire to make!”

The human touch of tone and words seemed to reach long-sealed fountains that broke in reason-bringing tears, which flowed unchecked by either till, with beckoning finger and in broken whisper, her desire was indicated:

“Come nearer, Father, for I am very weak, and truly do I need the absolution thou hast to bestow!”

The weakly imperious finger, and the low “Nearer, Father, nearer!” drew him on till he was standing close beside the bed, with head bent and ear inclined to catch the lightest sound; when suddenly two white arms were flung up, clasped around the neck of the priest, his head drawn down to the quivering mouth, a passionate kiss pressed on his cheek, and a single word whispered into his startled ear:

“Victor!”

With a spring as if struck by a bullet, the priest wrenched himself clear and stood again in his place with

left hand clutching at his heart, his right extended to ward off some unknown dread that threw its black shadow over his averted face, grey and drawn with emotion; and the heavy clutch of mingled horror, pity and fear gripped his lips apart and bared the white set teeth beneath. The form on the bed lay prone and still. Slowly the averted head of the man crept round; the tense grip of emotion loosened; the clutching fingers relaxed; the lips weakly assumed their function as faintly came the awed whisper:

“*Mon Dieu*, Marie, is't thou?”

“Ay, Victor, I waited long for thee, but thou camest not. And did I not know, as oft I watched thee on thy tower, that one day thou wouldst come at my call, I had died as surely as I am dying now. Let us forget! for the time is short and the days just behind are weary, but the long ago is sweet and I would think on it now. *Mon Dieu!* Victor, why didst thou go away? Didst not know how I loved thee? Didst not see it in my eyes, my cheeks, my throbbing breast, and my hot fingers as they played with thy hair when we sat together where the waves of the Lake beat upon the Mountain, and we feared and shook at its trembling? Oh! how I loved thee! I would have been slave, mistress, or wife to thee as thou wouldst. Hadst thou married me I would have been all these, and more. I would have been thy inspiration and stay in the plans thou didst make for the Man's career, and seen thy name blazoned ‘Victor’ in the fight. I would have borne thee many children that should have been the joy of our youth and the stay of our old age, would have lived but for thee, or as gladly died, if 'twould better serve. But all this was naught to thee and a sin to mourn over, for thou wouldst be a priest, and wentest away with thy heart of ice and the body thou despisedst hidden under thy *soutane*. Then,

lovers came, and thou wert gone with my love in keeping, and I was left with the pretty, empty shell. 'Tis naught to me, I said; since Love is gone, of what use its vile tabernacle?—nay, 'tis the lesson thou gavest me in despising the holy instincts of love—but why go over the weary tale? Though lovers many wooed 'The Butterfly' and paid for the kisses they took, I gave them not. They were only for thee, and, as thou wouldst none of them, I gave them to thy little crucifix yonder. Thou rememberest giving it to me on parting, dost not? And see how it is worn with thy unsought kisses! Take it! and the kisses it has kept for thee so long; and if thou tellest them one by one with thy beads 'tis a long tale, for they are many, so many. Oh! Victor, my soul, my life, how I have loved thee, and how I love thee still! Kiss me, kiss me only once! 'Tis not much to slake the thirst of years, and I am dying, Victor, dying fast. One, only one, for the love of God and thy poor lost Marie!"

Rigid, wide-eyed, with white, agonized face, clenched hands, and quick-coming breath, the priest stood, drinking in through set teeth the burning words that flew winged on Love's last gasping breath. As in one supreme effort two worn, white hands reached out to him in voiceless appeal, and he read in the burning eyes the old untranslatable story of woman's undying love, the pent-up fires of a passion he thought he had killed and buried pulsed and surged through his leaping veins. And the wanton years were obliterated, and the solemn vows were as resinous pine before the bush fire, and they were young again as when they first plighted their troth by the shores of the Lake of the Trembling Mountain. The white surplice bent over the white pillows; the shapely tonsured head was clasped to the sullied breast; and lips that had known no woman's met those that had been any man's to buy. The strong arms trembled, and

the weak ones tightened their clasp. The burning eyes closed, and the unafraid ones saw them not; for they, too, had shut upon all but Love. And mingling breaths formed but two words, and one whispered, "Marie!" and the other, "Victor!" and all was still, for the white soul of the soiled dove had flown away on love's wings and its mate knew it not, being yet held in leash, albeit fain to follow.

Slowly the errant spirit of the man came back to its shell, and as he woke to full consciousness and his eyes fell on the form growing cold and rigid in his warm embrace, he understood and knew the bitterness of utter loss crushed in the grasp of gain.

"Oh, God!" he prayed, with a meaning his formal ritual never conveyed, "Thou 'Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed,' grant me of Thy fulness strength to act the Man, and hold sacred the memory of my lost love, and be of use in the world, till in Thine own good time our waiting souls shall be fused into one in Thy light!"

Reverently composing the wasted form and adjusting the coverings, the man pressed a hot kiss upon the unanswering lips, and concealing the gift of the little crucifix under his surplice, the priest passed slowly out of the room and stood again, dignified and apparently unmoved, among the awe-stricken group on the outer landing, saying simply:

"She made a good confession and has gone in peace. So may it be with us all! See to her decent burial, and, should money be needed, apply to me. *Bénédicite!* Come, Antoine, let us go!"

A Pythagorean Interlude.

It was a glorious spring morning, promising ideal weather for the annual outing which has been the subject of anticipatory day dreams and nightly visions, lo, these many winters.

Supplies and baggage were safely aboard, angling and personal gear bestowed with many injunctions in the care of the porter, and I was employing the few minutes remaining before the train should start strolling up and down the platform of the Place Viger Station, smoking and idly planning details of the trip, when I was aroused by a cheery hail:

"Morning, old chap, off at last, eh?" and, turning, saw my old friend, Dr. Farnham, of the Attending Staff of the Asile de la Providence, hurrying along the platform, instrument bag in hand.

"Wish you all good luck! Can't help envying you, too, but you see I've other fish to tackle. Hullo! there's 'Johnny Fish'—"

The interruption was so sudden and the attitude of professional interest so intent that I was too startled to formulate the inquiries that suggested themselves, when my friend again broke in:

"Old man, you *are* in luck!"

This did not serve to clarify the situation in the least, and I pressed for explanations, exact and brief, as time was short.

"'Copy,' dear boy, 'copy'! One of our patients—*habitant* from the back parishes—public expense—many years' residence—simple rather than demented—tractable and obedient, but hopelessly incurable. One of our

'trusties,' and is allowed little liberties. Has curious habit of going off every spring—presumably fishing—although he owns no outfit. Returns promptly within a week, having a dozen or so of the finest trout, which he ceremoniously presents to the Lady Superior, then falls into the routine of the Institution for another year. City anglers have vainly endeavored to trace him to his haunts, and learn his secret, which he cunningly guards under a veil of real or assumed forgetfulness. That's why I say you're in luck, with the chance of capturing some specially fine fish, and a good story, if you can gain his confidence. Don't forget me if you do—train's moving—good-bye!"

Some two weeks later, we met in my rooms in response to an invitation to come round and share my spoils. My good landlady had exerted herself to prepare a dainty little supper, and my friend, the doctor, was good enough to pronounce the broiled trout the finest thing he had ever tasted. Coffee served, and cigars going nicely, there came from the depths of my easiest arm-chair the injunction:

"Now, then, fire away! I'm all attention. By the way, you can bring the story right up to date, as I left town the day after you did, and only returned yesterday. I haven't even been down to the Asylum yet, and it was merely a chance you caught me on the 'phone as you did."

"Ah! then you do not know—say, Farnham, do you believe in reincarnation?"

"Oh, come, Stanbridge, cut out metaphysics and get on with your story. It's getting late."

"All right, then, let it pass. If you'll listen quietly I'll do the best I can to give you a 'plain, unvarnished tale.'

"After we parted on the station platform, and I had

gathered my belongings about my chair in the parlor car, and the train was fairly started, I thought I would lose no time in looking up the 'copy' you so considerately provided, and I strolled forward to the second-class car, where I was most likely to find him, if he really got on board. Sure enough, there he was, huddled up in the corner of a seat, gazing abstractedly out of the window—beef moccasins, homespuns, long hair, commonplace features—clean-shaven, but showing a few days' stubbly growth—and save for the distraught air your few words led me to expect, a typical old *habitant*. I tried to engage him in conversation—French and English alike failed to arouse anything but a vacant stare. Offered him a cigar, but again failed to awaken any response. Played my trump card in taking the seat next to him, opening my fly-book, and toying with the many successful 'killers' filling its leaves—but your 'Johnny' was as indifferent as a clam. I saw there was nothing to be got out of him, and gave up the attempt, returning to my car in no good humor at the downfall of hopes you had so confidently raised. I duly reached the end of the line, loaded up the outfit on the waiting team, and reached camp without sign or trace of 'copy' or 'story,' which I dismissed into the limbo of 'lost opportunities.'

"I started out next morning, alone and afoot, to make my first attack on a stretch of ideal fishing river connecting our chain of lakes, which the Wabaso Club rightly values and jealously guards as one of the choicest bits of fishing territory in all the Laurentian district. As I strolled down the road bordering this treasured preserve I was astounded to see some clearly unauthorized pot-hunter coolly preparing to poach on this carefully protected water, and hurried on to angrily warn him off. As I neared the intruder I was struck with something familiar in his appearance, yet surely no such fantastic

had I ever encountered among all the angling fraternity. Beginning with the low-cut, buckled shoes, up the coarse-ribbed woollen stockings meeting the bloomer-like velveteen knee-breeches, along the full-skirted, belted jacket of the same material, over which flowed a white linen collar, past the clean-shaven features framed in the rolling locks which fell almost to the shoulders, on to the wide-brimmed, high-crowned felt hat topping the whole curious *ensemble*, my glance swept in startled amaze. It was as if some Seventeenth Century portrait of a middle-class gentleman had stepped from its frame, or a clever Twentieth Century actor had dressed for the part. And the rod—shades of Forrest, Orvis and Chubb! Was ever such a 'contraption' swung over any water with the hope of catching a fish? A long, clumsy, heavy pole, painted grey, with some wheel contrivance at the butt to wind up the roughly-plaited line with which the poacher was whipping the water all unconscious of my approach, muffled by the turf and the murmur of the river. I had got within a few yards when tongue, hand and foot were instantly stayed as if struck with paralysis, while full recognition broke—'Johnny Fish' in masquerade! Ignoring club rights in favor of possible copyrights, I hailed the poacher:

"*'Tiens, Johnny, c'ment ça va? Faites tu de bonne pêche?'*

"At the word he turned, a winning smile, though not of recognition, spread over his face, which seemed twenty-five years younger than when I last saw it, as he replied:

"'You are well overtaken, fair sir, a good morning to you. I shall put on a boldness to ask you, sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up this fine, fresh May morning?'

"I leave you to imagine the effect of this 'retort cour-

teous' upon my dazed intelligence; nevertheless, my wrath being still hot, I sharply demanded:

“‘What are you doing here?—Who are you, anyway?’

“‘I am, sir, a Brother of the Angle, and would you were also, for you are to note that we Anglers all love one another, for a companion that is cheerful and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, as these are, is worth gold.’

“‘Well, considering you are trespassing on private property, you seem to take it coolly, not to say making merry over it.’

“‘I love such mirth as does not make men ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule, you may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money, for “’Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast.” And such a companion will you prove, I thank you for it. Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.’

“Recognizing that I was now clearly beyond soundings, and that the hoped-for ‘story’ was within easy reach if I only gave the narrator time to tell it in his own way, I decided to abandon myself to Fate, wherever she might lead, and proceeded to draw him on:

“‘You seem to be quite a philosopher, and pretty well content with yourself.’

“‘You may have heard many grave, serious men pity Anglers. Let me tell you, sir, there be many men which we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it, men that are condemned to be rich and are always busy or dis-

contented: for these poor-rich men, we Anglers pity them perfectly. No, no, sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions.'

" 'Yet you will allow that riches have their advantages?'

" 'Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have fifty times our estates that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us. Let me tell you, sir, I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "the diligent hand maketh rich"; and it is true indeed, but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it has been wisely said by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang so heavily at that rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly.'

" 'What, then, shall one do?—Sell all one has and give to the poor?'

" 'God deliver us from pinching poverty and grant that, having health and a competency, we may be content and thankful therefor, and above all for a quiet conscience. Let me tell you, sir, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country-fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finibrooms that make a complete country-fair, he said to his friend: "Lord! How many things there are in the world of which Diogenes has no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with many who toil and vex themselves to

get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless, for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will—it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbor, for not worshipping or not flattering him; and thus when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves—’”

Here my recital was sharply interrupted as I saw my friend rise from the depths of his chair, stroll across the room to my book-shelves, reach down my favorite copy of “*The Compleat Angler*,” turn over the leaves till he apparently found what he wanted, and in tones of severe reproof exclaim:

“Ah!—I thought so. Are you aware, my friend, that you are quoting verbatim from this rare old classic? Such palpiary is rather too palpable!”

“Pardon me, old boy, I’m exactly quoting ‘Johnny Fish.’”

“Oh, very well, tell your story in your own way, whoever may be responsible for the phraseology.”

“I grant you it’s rather puzzling. Of course, I recognized the Waltonian flavor, and, indeed, asked my strange companion if he had ever heard of such a person. He ignored my question and proceeded:

“‘I knew a man that had wealth and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be moving from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied: “It was to find content in some one of them.” But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, “If he would find content in any of his houses he must leave himself behind him; for content would never dwell but in a

meek and quiet soul." And this may appear if you read and consider Holy Writ, which says: "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." And "Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come into the Kingdom of Heaven, but that in the meantime he, and he only, possesses the earth as he goes toward that Kingdom of Heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is he vexed when he sees others possessed of more honor or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share, but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself.'

"I could not but feel that this was wholesome and sound doctrine, of which the world stood much in need to-day. Indeed, I admitted as much to my moralist, who continued:

"My honest sir, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness. And to incline you the more, and that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we to be the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me, how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout and the tooth-ache, and others that have met disasters of broken limbs; and these we are free from. And every misery we miss is a new mercy, and therefor let us be thankful. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with? And this, and many other like blessings we

enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises: but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun and us, and still protects us and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing. But I shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labor to possess my own soul, that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without them do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares; and therefore my advice is that you endeavor to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it has been well said: "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that, and in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it praise God and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy, and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not; but note that there is no necessity of being rich: for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them, and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart.'

"Remembering the conditions of the man's pitiful existence as you outlined them, and hearing such lofty sentiments couched in the elegant borrowed diction of a strange tongue, only increased my bewilderment. There is, however, a solution applicable to many an *impasse*, and I proffered the shibboleth never known to fail, in the Northland, at any rate:

"*'Pren' tu un p'tit coup?*"

"My words fell on uncomprehending ears, but the sight of my pocket-flask was more awakening.

"'Nay, then, I have in my fish-bag a bottle of sack, milk, oranges and sugar, which, all put together, make a drink like nectar; indeed, too good for any but us Anglers.'

"You know my critical taste in such matters, and my hesitation was natural; but not being willing to appear ungracious, I drank!—Whew! I taste it yet! Milk and sugar there surely were in nauseating proportions, but what else, I can't say. Anxious to obliterate the memory, I suggested a return compliment in good 'Scotch,' with the time-honored toast: 'Wet our whistles and sing away all sad thoughts,' and the response was hearty:

"'Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all Brothers of the Angle wheresoever they be, and to all that love us and the honest Art of Angling.'

"Here was a cue to have him take the stage again, and I asked why he so qualified a simple *sport*.

"'Oh, sir, doubt not but that Angling is an Art: is it not an Art to deceive a Trout with an artificial fly? A Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold. Doubt not, therefore, sir, but that Angling is an Art, and worth your learning: the question is rather whether you are capable of learning it?'

"Now, considering that I rather fancy myself in this line, this was something of a facer; but I merely advanced quite modest pretensions and very large aspirations.

"'Have but a love to it, and I'll warrant you; for Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so; I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice: but he that hopes

to be an Angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching and observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the Art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but that Angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself. And for those who practise it, let me tell you, sir, that of the twelve Apostles, the Blessed Master chose four that were simple fishermen, for He found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as most Anglers are; these men our Blessed Saviour chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be His Disciples, to follow Him and do wonders.'

"Here I thought well to interject a repetition of my former question, and again asked him if he had ever heard of one Isaak Walton?

" ' Nay, but certain of my friends, chemical men, Brothers of the Rosy Cross, and men in high place,* did know him well; and one whom I loved as a son, my dear Charles Cotton, said of him that he understands as much of fish and fishing as any man living. Moreover, that he had the happiness to know his person and to be intimately acquainted with him; and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and truest friend any man ever had, for, said he, " My father Walton will be twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men." ' "

" Thinking to get some useful ' pointers,' I asked what these authorities laid down. If he had any theories and rules of his own relating to the *practice* of his ' Art ';

* " Amongst his friends, Walton was able to name almost every man of his time whom wit or elegance had raised to reputation."

specifically, what *lures* he would recommend, to which he replied:

“ ‘Some have held there is a mysterious knack not attainable by common capacities, or else locked up in the breast or brain of some chemical man, that, like the Rosicrucians, will not yet reveal it. But in these things I have no great faith, yet grant it probable; and have had it from Sir George Hastings and others an affirmation of them to be very advantageous; but no more of them, *especially not in this place*. You are to know, that to fish *fine* and *far off* is the first and principal rule for Trout-Angling. Let your rod be light and very gentle, and you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line, as most men do. And before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back, and the sun, if it shines, to be before you, and to fish down the stream; and to carry the point of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself, and your rod too, will be the least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade amazes the fish and spoils your sport. And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly; and when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water, but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream. And if you hit to make your fly right, and have the luck to hit also where there is store of Trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, you will catch such rich store of them as will encourage you to grow more and more in love with the Art.’

“ ‘Is it so essential to have the wind “right”? And what is “right”? And how if it is not so?’ I asked.

“ ‘For the wind, you are to take notice, that of the

winds the South wind is said to be the best. One observes that

“When the wind is South
It blows the bait into a fish’s mouth!”

Next to that, the West wind is believed to be the best; and having told you that the East wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree; and yet, as Solomon observes: “He that considers the wind shall never sow,” so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an East wind shall be superstitious; for as it is observed by some that there is no good horse of a bad color, so I have observed that, if it be a cloudy day and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will, and do its worst, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish standing on a lee-shore; and you are to take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, on a cold day; and then gets nearest the lee side of the water; and on a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day, you will have sport. Moreover, you are to know, there is night as well as day fishing for trout, and that in the night the best trouts come out of their holes—’

“‘Trout see at night!’ I cried, ‘then the poachers have good authority behind their nefarious practices!’

“‘Yes, and hear and smell, too, both then and in the daytime. And that it may be true seems to be affirmed by my friend Sir Francis Bacon, in the Eighth Century of his Natural History, who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, and this reason of Sir Francis Bacon has made me crave pardon of him that I laughed at for affirming in his Experiment 792 that he knew carps came to a certain place in a

pond, to be fed, at the ringing of a bell or the beating of a drum; and, however, it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I give any man leave to do. All the further use that I shall make of this shall be to advise Anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard and catch no fish.'

" 'Feeling that I had had about enough of theorizing, I suggested that he might give me an illustration of the application of principles to the practice of his 'Art.' He agreed with alacrity, and after fumbling in one of the many compartments of his antiquated game-bag, he produced a litter of the most extraordinary 'flies,' and selected one to replace that he had been using, and proceeded to cast over a likely near-by pool. The deft way in which he manipulated that old spar, and lightly dropped on the desired spot of water the gaudy lure fluttering at the end of that hawser-like line, was a revelation in casting compelling admiration. The effect was no less astonishing, for in less time than I am taking to tell of it he had struck and landed a finer trout than I had fancied our preserve capable of producing, and I heartily congratulated the angler on his performance.

" 'I will tell you, sir, I once heard one say: "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or wears better clothes than I do; I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." And if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be, at one standing, all caught one after another, they being, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight.'

"Here, I thought, might be a possible accounting for the paucity of recent Club catches in their choicest preserve. What a profitable mine for a clever pot-hunter—

like this, for instance—with large market at ready command? Indeed, I rather broadly hinted something to this effect.

“‘Nay, I but follow the practice of that good and learned man, Dr. Dowell, who bestowed all his fish amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers on which it was caught, and so do I, for I use to sell none.’

“My companion here suggested that I try my hand, and proffered the use of his antique gear. I professed a more hopeful familiarity with my own, and made tentative cast. The response was unexpectedly prompt, and a quick strike followed the swift rise.

“‘A fish!—a beauty!—He’s off!!—*Damn!*—*Lost!*’ I cried, in varying tones of delight, surprise and chagrin.

“‘Nay, then, you must endure worse luck some time, or you will never make a good Angler. And pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.’

“At the prompting of my mentor, I made further trial at another spot indicated a little lower down stream. I could not but note and admire the accurate technique involved in the few practical suggestions he made as I prepared to cast. Whether owing to these, or his nice choice of location, is beside the mark, but the fact remains that a splendid trout quickly rose and took the fly. The strike was well timed and the hold secure.

“‘But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one, too. If you can but hold him, and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me the landing net. So, sir, now he is your own: what say you now? is not this worth all your labor and my patience?’

“Here was fascinating sport of a peculiarly interesting character, surely. Figure to yourself a not unimportant member of an exclusive Fish and Game Club,

under the tutelage of a tramp poacher on the Club's preserves, deliberately proceeding to make that abhorred thing, a 'record catch'! For this is just what I did, until satiety and the claims of a healthy appetite intervened, and lunch seemed the one thing needful. This we set about to enjoy in the friendliest way in sharing the curious medley of our combined supplies. I prepared one of the largest trout, and baked it in clay in the Indian fashion, and 'Johnny' pronounced it good, volunteering at the same time a recipe of his own which he averred was of super-excellence. I was so struck with the quaint formula, that I wrote it down in his exact words:

“‘Take your Trout, wash, and dry him with a clean napkin; then open him, and having taken out his guts and all the blood, wipe him very clean within, but wash him not; and give him three scotches with a knife to the bone on one side only. After which take a clean kettle, and put in as much hard, stale beer (but it must not be dead), vinegar, and a little white wine, and water, as will cover the fish you intend to boil, then throw into the liquor a good quantity of salt, the rind of a lemon, a handful of sliced horse-radish root, with a handsome little fagot of rosemary, thyme and winter savory, then set your kettle upon a quick fire of wood, and let your liquor boil up to the height before you put in your fish; and then, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not so cool the liquor as to make it fall. And whilst your fish is boiling, beat up the butter for your sauce with a ladleful or two of the liquor it is boiling in. And, being boiled enough, immediately pour the liquor from the fish: and, being laid in a dish, pour your butter upon it, and, strewing it plentifully over with your shaved horse-radish and a little pounded ginger, garnish your sides of your dish, and the fish

itself, with a sliced lemon or two, and serve it up. And note that a Trout, if he is not eaten within four or five hours after he be taken, is worth nothing.'

"Wishing to press this strange adventure to the furthest limit, I asked the old fellow, after we had finished lunch, if he couldn't give us a song, and was floored by his prompt response to the suggestion.

"'I will indeed sing a song if you will sing another, else, to be plain with you, I will sing none. Come on, sir, who begins?'

"Falling in with his humor, I proposed we toss for it.

"'Forsooth, I think it is best to draw cuts and avoid contention. It is a match. Look, the shortest cut falls to me. Well, then, I will begin, for I hate contention; 'tis that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago.'

"Whereupon he proceeded to render in quavering tones to some strange, quaint air, the whole of that classic:

'Come, live with me and be my love,'

and having concluded, fairly countered me with:

"'Come, sir, 'tis now your turn.'

"Desirous of maintaining the implied compact in the spirit of the occasion, I mentally ran over my small *repertoire* in search of something appropriate, and at last thought of that Seventeenth Century gem by 'Rare old Ben':

'Drink to me only with thine eyes,'

which I trolled as best I could, and humbly accepted his too flattering comment:

"'Well sung, sir, this song was sung with mettle; and it was choicely fitted to the occasion. I shall love you for it as long as I shall know you. Let us drink to the man who made that song. I know him well. I

will promise you I will sing a song which I have made in praise of Angling to-morrow night; for we will not part till then, but fish to-morrow and sup together, and the next day leave fishing and fall to business.'

"I assured him that the call of that same 'business' was all too clamorous, but that his plan fitted my inclination and should be allowed to overrule; and to ensure its proper fulfilment I tendered the hospitality of our Club House, which, however, he courteously but firmly declined.

" 'Marry, I will e'en go to my Hostess from whence I came, and upon whom I will bestow my fish. She told me as I was going out of the door that my brother Peter, a good Angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night. My Hostess has two beds, and I may have the best. We'll rejoice, tell tales, and sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man. We shall meet to-morrow and renew our acquaintance, for I love any discourse of rivers and fish and fishing. Meanwhile, farewell! and let us thank God we have each a dry house over our heads.'

"I watched him gather up his belongings and tramp off down the road, my tongue silent and my brain awirl, till he disappeared over a distant rise, when I, too, packed up and sought the Club's welcoming hearth, which I should enjoy in solitary state for a couple of days till some of the other members would come up. I turned out early next morning, after an unquiet night, scarcely hoping that the prearranged meeting would come off. My fears proved true, for although I gave up fishing altogether for the day, and searched the road in all its length, scoured the lumber-trails, and tramped some miles through the woods to an abandoned 'shanty,'

in the hope of finding 'Johnny,' or whoever he was, it was all without result; he had disappeared from the neighborhood as mysteriously as he had arrived within my ken!

"The uncanniness of the whole thing was getting on my nerves, all alone as I was, save for the presence of the steward-guardian, and after another night like the last I could stand it no longer, so determined to drive out to the distant village and wait for the party coming up in the evening. The morning train for the city was being made up as I drove into the station yard and jumped off the buckboard on to the platform to get quickly into touch with some of my fellows—real and substantial, if stolid and uninteresting.

"I had scarcely taken three steps jostling my way among the motley crowd usually found about a country station at such a time, when I suddenly stumbled against 'Johnny Fish,' preparing to board the train now backing in!

"'Johnny Fish' it was without a doubt, just as we saw him at the Place Viger, and as I had seen him on the train coming up—same old clothes, '*boeufs*,' not a vestige of baggage, but carefully guarding a string of fine trout I had as little difficulty in identifying. I drew him aside and addressed him in the spirit of the *rencontre* by the river, but met only an uncomprehending, vacant stare. The patois I then tried may have been better understood, but the attitude was sullen, the glance furtive, and the desire to avoid all intercourse, not alone with me, but his fellow-countrymen, who crowded about admiring and handling his string, pronounced. He finally broke away and hurried aboard the train, where, as it pulled out, I caught final sight of him crouching in a corner of a second-class car and cuddling in his arms his precious booty.

"I met the jolly party at the evening train and did my best to fall in with the sport of the ensuing days and the jollities of the evenings around the camp-fire. I said nothing of my adventure, and I fear my reserved demeanor scarcely escaped notice. I was anxious to get away from the locality and the pressure of its strange happenings, but stayed till the party were all ready to go. I got back to town yesterday, and found you were away. My uneasiness would not wait your return, and I hurried down to the Asylum to make inquiries. I saw the Lady Superior, who received me kindly, but who was genuinely grieved when replying to my questions. She told me that 'Johnny' had faithfully returned, bringing her the customary present of trout, but that he had evidently caught a heavy cold from his last exposure. Complications of pleuro-pneumonia had set in with swift and fatal effect, and nothing being known of his antecedents, and having no friends, that he had been buried the previous day, with fitting rites of the Church, in the paupers' lot at the expense of the Institution.

"There, my friend, you have the whole plain, simple story, if you can see it as such. What do you think of it?"

"Well, old man, without raising any questions as to Falstaffian proportions in your camping stores, or inquiring too closely into your state of mind resulting from their consumption, I can at least commend your tale considered merely as a 'story,' barring the too palpable plagiarism already pointed out. It is interesting to me, also, from a professional point of view, and throws much light on a puzzling case. You may, however, dismiss from your mind any conclusions, even tentatively formed, based on your studies of the absurd transmigratory notions of Pythagoras, which, as applied

in this instance, I frankly term '*bosh*.' If I might venture off-hand on a rational explanation, I would say that the man, contrary to our belief, was not French at all, but an *Englishman* of angling tastes and some culture who in youth had become saturated with Waltonian lore. Emigrating to Canada in early manhood, and happening to settle in a French community rather than among his own kith and tongue, he became assimilated with its people. Falling ill, perhaps being injured, without friends and no means, his mind giving way, he became a charge on the public of the district, who promptly got rid of their responsibility in the usual way by 'dumping' him on us. The effect of his life in the healthful routine labor and good care of the Institution was beneficial to his bodily condition, though his mental ailment remained incurable. This reversion of a disordered mind to early associations is a commonplace occurrence in our experience, but alienists may be interested in studying the tendency so intensified in this case as to take on the outward form and exact speech of the character the demented one believed himself to be on the recurring occasions when he assumed it. His former profound knowledge of the age and works of 'The Compleat Angler' made the assumption deceptively natural, and a convenient '*cache*' for a cunningly acquired outfit in a locality no doubt familiar to him before your Club 'discovered' it, afforded easy facility for 'dressing the part.'—*Voilà tout!*"

"Yes, it sounds quite plausible. And yet—*who knows?* There are some things hidden even from clever doctors!"

The Fall of a Sparrow.

"IMMORTALITY! Pooh! the dream of visionaries and the solace of fools!"

"Oh, come, DeChantigny, if you have finally parted with your faith and all respect for it, have some regard for those who haven't!"

"There you go, O'Byrne, bristling up like the orthodox porcupine in the same old way if one merely throws a shadow across your path!"

"Why not try to brighten it, then? There is surely gloom enough without deliberate casting of 'shadows,' as you call them."

"Well, in this instance, it's merely the shadow of the axe clearing the brush from your way through the tangled wood of this old world—the only one you'll ever travel, so why not make it pleasant?"

"By slashing and obliterating the 'blazes' that mark the trail you think to make it easier for the *voyageur* to find his way to camp?"

"By no means, but I take your simile for my argument. We *are* merely *voyageurs*, bending under our packs and stumbling along the rough *portage*, content if before nightfall we can make camp by the water's edge and round off our weary day with a little sleep. Oh! I know well you're going to point out that as each night has a morning, and each morning is a resurrection, therefore the last long sleep is but a prelude to the eternal day! Very pretty, but very illogical. Poetry, not prose. The Grand Illusion that, like a will-o'-the-wisp, allures the *voyageur* from the firm path into the swamps of speculation. The age-long wail of shackled

Impotence moaning under the lash of Power. The effrontery of Ignorance that would insult Science with the delusion that death is not Death!"

"Why, Achille, man, that's quite a speech. What's it all about, Martin? I only caught the lingering echo as I came in, and if he has hit on anything new and useful in our line the world should hear of it."

As the speaker flung himself into the arms of one of the comfortable lounging chairs with which the snugger of the Resident Medical Staff of the Royal Infirmary was generously furnished, we may take a swift glance at the trio of young doctors as they group themselves, trim and natty in their white duck house jackets, bright, alert, intelligent. Despite root differences—racial and educational—which might seem impossible of assimilation or agreement, they had been strangely drawn together in their freshman year, and the democratic sentiment of the great University had cemented the bond that before graduation had become jocularly styled the Triple Alliance of the Shamrock, Thistle and Fleur-de-Lis. Achille de Chantigny, elegant, cynical, radical, cherishing the traditions of the Old Noblesse from whom he sprang as strongly as he hated the traditionary teachings of the Church which had carefully trained him in both; Martin O'Byrne, impulsive, devout, clerical, a son of the people, with a heart of gold and the hand of a friend; Angus Farquharson, cool, cautious, liberal, with a mind to get on and a will to do it; all three, after four years of wrestling with the problems of lecture-room, clinic, hockey and football, had found themselves in a bunch at the top of their class and been duly granted their degree of M.D. by a gratified Alma Mater. By virtue thereof—supplemented by a little discreet influence of interested friends with the Board of Governors,—they were appointed to three of the half-dozen coveted posi-

tions on the Resident Staff of the Infirmary yearly granted to newly-fledged University nestlings of marked worth, and had already settled down into the interesting routine of work, study and responsibility.

The Staff sitting-room is one of the cosiest nooks in the noble pile of buildings that towers like a baronial castle from the hill overlooking city, river and plain, below and beyond, and stands as an enduring monument to the large-hearted benevolence of the founders. It is, when duty permits, a favorite meeting-place of the three friends for quiet chat or lively argument, as the mood may be, hence we find them here after lunch on this fair summer day, and join with the last comer in expectant waiting for the answer to his question.

"Oh! merely the too common occurrence of 'another good man gone wrong,'" said O'Byrne, answering Farquharson's look of inquiry which emphasized his spoken words. "Some questions are matters of insight and faith rather than argument, which serves only to cloud, not clear, and I'm deeply grieved to stand with a friend at the fork of two streams and see him wilfully choose the one plainly leading to disaster, if not the utter wreck of his frail bark."

"Well, as to that, Martin," answered Farquharson, "all rivers lead to the sea, and if some of us do get on to a branch that proves turbulent and dangerous we must still keep on. It's less risky than trying to turn back in the swift current, and even when we reach the rapids there's always the channel and a sure paddle to fend us from the rocks. And say we do strike, fill and sink, one can always swim and chance the aid of a hanging limb to effect a safe landing ashore. True, some do get drowned, and then—"

"And what then?" queried O'Byrne.

"Then!" echoed De Chantigny, "nothing; that's the end!"

"Who knows? Maybe it is for some who *will* it so," murmured Farquharson.

"No, oh, no! Blindly wrong, both of you. Surely you, Achille, can't have forgotten or entirely cast away all the teachings the good preceptors of St. Ignatius so faithfully instilled; and you, Angus, must surely retain some memory of the lessons taught in your Board Schools respecting the bliss of the blessed dead and how to attain it, even if you do not hold to the reality and efficacy of their prayers? You, at least, believe you have a soul, and hope for its salvation; and if Achille has cut loose from this I hope he has the wish he might be able to see it as I do, and as millions more have done, and will yet do!"

"I suppose," answered Ferguson, thoughtfully, "many of us give some sort of intermittent negative intellectual assent to the great truths of God, the Soul, and a Future life, and a much smaller number try to apply them to their preparatory training in the present, but I fancy the problems of bare existence press so heavily on most as to shut out all thought of things beyond their immediate vision, and stifle any higher ideal than the human aspect of the Golden Rule. If even this were fully lived up to I believe much of the rest would follow, but it's by no means an 'easy yoke,' and, as I say, one must live."

"Yes, while the soul starves to feed the perishable body!" said O'Byrne.

"Oh, there you go again, Martin," cried DeChantigny, passionately, "lugging in your mystical talk of a soul! It seems to me so weak for a trained mind in a grown body to hold to these exploded theological myths and dogmatical bugaboos long after one has discarded the nursery tales which rest on quite as firm a foundation. Now, I

ask you plainly, as trained specialists, what smallest scientific basis of fact can you advance in support of your purely speculative theory that there is any such separate entity as this thing you call the 'soul'? You have often attended the birth of the human infant, and can tell the unvarying process from the initial germ to independent, breathing life—do you know, or can you guess, when and how this soul became attached to its body? You have stood by many deathbeds and seen life cease, and you know the exact process from cause to effect; have certified to the fact of death, know the utter impossibility of life returning, and are sure that the last deceased human being is just as dead as Moses—did you see that 'soul' leave its shell? You have dissected the dead body and explored the convolutions of the brain—do you find anything there to lead you to conclude that its life-action displayed in intelligence, will, mind, is the result of anything but purely physical functions as natural as those of heart or lungs, or have you found any other organ to which you can assign soul-function? You know all this, and yet despite your technical knowledge and trained reason, you hold and urge these fantastic theories, and cheerfully damn all who venture to question."

"Well, well, dear boy, as I said before, it's a question that faith has long ago settled and argument never will, and I pray God grant you light. But here comes the Chief."

He entered forthwith, erect, dignified, impressive; immaculately but tastefully clad, from his glossy hat to his spotless shoes, his faultless Prince Albert adorned with a *boutonnière* of rare exotics. His ruddy, smooth-shaven face under its crown of silver hair wore the placid, benign expression usual to the features when in repose, and his whole bearing spoke the polished English gentleman of the ideal type.

Sir George Knowlton—knighted for distinguished attainments in his chosen and loved profession—is celebrated far and wide in his special sphere, and easily first in his immediate field of work as Chief Surgeon to the Infirmary. He is the idol of his students in the lecture-room, the clinic, and at the operating table, where his keen mental acumen, masterly exposition and brilliant demonstration hold them thrallled. His brougham and handsome bays may be seen any day before the most fashionable doors, whence he draws the generous fees that sustain these evidences of success, and, again, he may be met on foot, or alighting from a modest cab, late at night at the humble dwelling whence few or no fees can come, and where the sense of benefit conferred is often his only reward. His manner at the bedside of sick wealth or poverty is the same, and his mere presence often as potent to inspire confidence and assist recovery as the drugs he so accurately prescribes. He is equally at home at Directors' meeting, fashionable reception, public charity, or parish vestry, where his words are ever valued and his counsel is always wise. He is a force in the community, and returns in generous measure of service something of that appreciation it gave to help make him what he is. May the mutual regard long continue!

He has drawn off his gloves while we are looking at him, and seated himself with a pleasant greeting:

"Good afternoon, gentlemen, don't let me interrupt. Perhaps I can assist your discussion. May I know the point?"

"He listened attentively while, half-unwillingly, the theological, not medical, nature of the discussion was disclosed by the three participants, and having heard all with absorbed, pained expression, sat silent as the others, then glancing from one to the other, said simply:

"Let me, at least, gentlemen, beg your serious con-

sideration of the Great Philosopher's dictum that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' " Then more briskly added: " By the way, I come quite *apropos* to-day. There's an emergency case just brought in that we're to have for the clinic this afternoon, and I hope to make it interesting. Sad case, too, poor little thing—looked at it as I came by, and heard some particulars. The books, of course, will state it differently, but I call it a Sacrifice of Innocence to the Moloch of Dividends. In other words, a little girl playing in a narrow, crowded street is run over by an electric car and has both legs crushed, necessitating amputation on the very remote chance of saving life. I shall want your assistance, and we have just time to get ready, as they are preparing the theatre now, and it is close upon the time of assembling, but listen!"

The too familiar muffled rumble of a ward stretcher with the patter of accompanying feet echoed from the flags of the corridor through the open door, but faint yet clear amid the general hush of voice and movement came the weak treble of a child's voice sweetly singing:

" Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong."

Not a word was said as the attentive ears of the four followed the fading sound of the voice and the attending feet accompanying their pitiful charge, and no comment was made as the last echo died away and was lost in the direction of the operating theatre whither their steps led. Sir George slowly rose, paused thoughtfully a moment and turned to his companions as if about to refer to the episode, but his mood swiftly changed, and he became at

once the eager, brusque medical man his students knew and loved, and with a curt "Come, gentlemen, we lose time!" led the way to equip themselves for the professional work in hand.

Sir George's ward clinics are always thronged to the full capacity of the space, and at his operations there is seldom a vacant seat in all the amphitheatre—even resident practitioners being willing, on occasion, to scramble with jostling students for the chance of choice seats. To-day all the ample tiers of benches were full, notebooks were fluttering in the warm, bloom-scented summer breeze from the open windows overlooking garden and wood, and opera glasses in the hands of provident and lucky owners on the back benches were levelled at the group in the centre clustered about the frail bit of humanity on the table upon which all eyes were focussed, and which to most of them was of interest merely as a "case." They saw only a slight, ill-nourished little girl-waif of the streets, whose supreme ideal of happiness was a mission-school entertainment, and if the pathos of it all were present to their minds the sentiment was merged in the wider interests of the science to which they had devoted themselves. The attendant nurses, too, took on somewhat of the general professional air, but their trim uniforms and business-like appearance of bared arms could not altogether efface the mother-instinct that softened the alert expression of their eager faces as they deftly, swiftly, silently attended to their duties. Sir George, in working dress, took in with quick and comprehensive glance every detail of the preparations, but as DeChantigny was nonchalantly proceeding to administer the anesthetic he stopped him with a look, stepped to the side of the patient, took a hand in one of his and with the other smoothed back the tangled hair from the pale forehead, and said softly, but in tones that were

heard throughout the theatre in the strained silence that had fallen upon all by reason of the unusual proceeding:

"Do you know me, my child?"

"Oh, yes, I know you, Doctor Knowlton," came the faint answer.

"You don't think I would hurt you, do you, dear?"

"Oh, no, you were good to me when I had the fever, and you know the nice little baby brother you brought us last year—"

Sir George did not try to recall the first incident, or linger over questionings as to the expediency of the circumstance, under the probable social conditions, which necessitated his forgotten presence on the second occasion, but continued:

"Well, we're going to fix your poor legs, but we won't hurt you. If you'll be good and quiet and do as Doctor DeChantigny tells you, you'll just go to sleep and not know anything about it."

"I always say my prayers before I go to sleep; may I now, doctor?"

"Yes, my child, certainly you may; we'll wait."

"And self-sufficient Intellect respectfully waited and looked silently on while simple Ignorance interpreted the Mystical Speech in childish whispers:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

If an occasional Amen were furtively whispered, none were more reverently sincere than the unspoken one of the great surgeon pityingly regarding and still holding the little fingers of the child in his strong hand.

"I sing, too, doctor," came again from the thin lips as the eyes opened and looked up to his in unspoken appeal.

"You may do that, too, if you like," was the quiet answer.

And again cultured Science bowed in silence while untutored Faith demonstrated, in clear, if faltering tones, the reality of its unintelligible assurance:

"Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Tho' I'm very weak and ill;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me Home on high."

"I have a good-night kiss, too," pleaded for the third time the tired eyes and weak voice.

Unhesitatingly, with every eye fixed searchingly and wonderingly upon him, Sir George stooped to give the wished-for "good-night kiss," but as the weak hands drew close the bending head and the trembling lips returned the kiss with a whispered "Good night, dear doctor," none, not even the child, heard that the surgeon's greeting was "Good-bye," not "Good-night."

He stepped back with a nod to his assistants to proceed. Drowsiness swiftly followed the application of the ether and complete anesthesia immediately supervened. Farquharson busied himself with the instruments, while O'Byrne's watchful finger tested the pulse-beats and his eyes followed DeChantigny's movements as he bent over the pallid face. Suddenly O'Byrne started and touched DeChantigny's arm with significant meaning. The cone was swiftly withdrawn, and DeChantigny's ear bent over lips and heart. He, in turn, started back and looked inquiringly at Sir George, who, stepping forward, quickly satisfied himself as to the significance of their movements. He stood a moment thoughtfully regarding the bandaged limbs, and, with a low-drawn "Better so!" turned to address the assembly, who were regarding every move with eager expectancy.

“My dear fellow-students: While I cannot say this climax was entirely unforeseen by me, I must be acquitted of any intention of planning a *coup de théâtre*. We are taught, and rightly hold, that life is a precious thing, and our duty is to preserve it with all care and skill; but who will dare deny the merciful result of this incomplete operation, even if its scientific interest for you abruptly terminates in an ordinary death from shock. I have no desire to imperfectly assume the function of the preacher, but I cannot refrain from reminding you in the presence of this once living organism that what our schools teach is but a phase of the immense questions of Life and Death. If what you have seen and heard to-day leads you to broaden your studies of biology into an examination of the sociological conditions under which such actual lives are begun, continued and ended, and impels you to achieve something in the direction of making them more humanly attractive, joyous, hopeful, and such wreck of them less common; if it helps you to throw upon a cold, materialistic study of Death a psychological light not caught from text-books and to bear it with you always, your time here to-day, these few words of mine, nay, even the sacrifice of this poor, young life, are none of them lost. The clinic is dismissed!”

The Way of a Man with a Maid.

ON the deck of the coasting steamer which skirts the shores of the Gaspé Peninsula stood a group of three with glasses levelled at the mouth of a little river toward which the steamer was making.

Father, mother and daughter, evidently, and a truly sympathetic family party they appeared to be, loitering in one of the by-ways of travel. That their pleasure was not of the commonplace globe-trotter order was clearly seen in the nature of the baggage placed about them on deck, as if preparatory to a landing, though where this could be made was not apparent to others standing by until the gentleman of the party, whose miscellaneous collection of bags, boxes and bundles of angling gear was prominently stencilled with the name "Lindsay," exclaimed:

"See, there are the canoes waiting for us! Yes, one—two—three! Gaston and Henri with one each, and two new men with the baggage canoe. Everything here, I suppose. Well, we'll soon be up to them, and then, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' eh, little one?" turning with a fond smile to the eager face of the girl by his side. "You're sure you don't regret this plunge into the unknown?"

"Now, dad, don't spoil my anticipations with your forebodings. You know I've dreamed of this experience for months, since you told me you had leased this river where you and mother first met and studied 'The Compleat Angler'—and other things—together."

"Well, I've brought along the same evergreen old Izaak, and you can't do better than take him for your guide."

"Not Gaston!"

"Oh, Gaston's well enough in his place—"

"But mustn't presume to know 'other things'—stick to his paddle and pole, eh?"

"There are lots of 'things' the wise campaigner drops from his outfit as useless, and among them I class 'silly notions.'"

"I assure you, dad, I haven't one with me. However, this model guide—Gaston, I mean, not Izaak—looks promising as a field of study, and I mean to explore."

"Gaston, as I said, is a very good river man—none better, indeed—and for that reason I surrender him to you; but I don't want him spoiled by getting 'notions' outside his strict duties, remember."

"You dear old goose, does he look like it? It is just because he seems absolutely empty of ideas that I am impelled to fathom the void—purely in the interests of psychological research, you understand."

"Yes, child, I understand, and trust you fully, too, but all the same, there are some 'things' better left out—of a jest as well as a camp-kit."

Steam had been shut off, the boat slowed down, and finally brought to a stop with a few backward turns of the paddle-wheels alongside the small flotilla of canoes sitting light as gulls on the smooth sea. The men, who had been resting on their paddles intently watching the nearing boat, now stood up in welcome greeting, which varied in form from the broad grin of the new men to the graceful touch of Gaston's hat-brim, accompanied with a pleasant smile and his respectful "*Salût, M'sieu'!*"

"Well, Gaston, back again once more, you see! How goes it, Henri? Here, boys," to the new men, "get the stuff aboard!" was Mr. Lindsay's cheery greeting. The command being promptly carried out, the transfer of the

living freight from the solid deck to the frail-looking transports carefully followed.

"This is my daughter, Gaston—not very big, but very precious, so take good care of her. Wife and I will follow in Henri's canoe and I will take a hand with the paddle, if a year's rest hasn't made me rusty. The boys will bring the baggage. *En avant*, Gaston, we must make camp before dark!"

Mutual farewells were tossed from laughing lips and fluttering handkerchiefs as the distance widened between the departing steamer and the canoes now heading for the river mouth, Mr. Lindsay's planning of the loads easily enabling all to keep near one another in the order of the start.

Miss Lindsay, known formally on occasion to her mother as Margaret, but whom we may be permitted, with her father and other intimates, to call Madge, had been placed in a reclining canoe-seat in the bow, facing forward, but the injunction to sit still was hardly necessary in view of the entrancing new sights which held her rapt.

The little settlement at the river's mouth was soon passed, the scattered farm-houses along the banks appeared at longer intervals till the last one was reached, and the voyagers were threading the windings of the river as it swept and rippled over pool and shallow between the overhanging arms of the virgin forest, which in places almost touched hands across the silver stream beneath. Again the river would spread and branch, where stretches of shingled islets barred its troubled flow from the boulder-strewn, rocky gorge which led from the reed-bordered, level reach above. At this vantage-point civilization had established one of its outposts in the shape of a sawmill, which utilized the smooth stretch of water for the storage of the logs cut in the

timber country above, floated down, and securely held in by the booms extending far up river, leaving only a narrow passage-way for *batteau* or canoe. The tall, flame-topped chimney of the incinerator, built by the mill-owners for the compulsory destruction of sawdust and refuse slabs, was belching out its smoke over the unsullied surrounding foliage. As they passed, Gaston, who, when not acting as "guide," was one of the most skilful lumbermen, and foreman of a "gang"—of which Henri and the other men were trusty members—told his interested charge of the life in the shanties far in the heart of the country in the depth of winter when the logs were got out; of the exciting drives when they came down on the spring floods; and the dangerous jams which only the strongest and bravest might dare to break at perhaps the risk of swift, mangled death. It required some judicious leading to "draw" the taciturn canoe-man, whose tireless paddle or pole had been unceasingly wielded over the miles of water they had passed, but whose voice had hitherto, Madge was glad to notice, not once broken into the reveries in which she had been absorbed as the swift strokes brought new delights to her appreciative sense at every bend of the stream.

If Gaston's tongue had been unemployed, it is easily conceivable that the eyes of an all-observing "guide" need not be wholly occupied in watching for shoals, rocks or snags, but might occasionally rest on the by no means unpleasing although rear view of the picture immediately in front of him. A finer-tutored male being than he might even be at a loss to account for the witchery twisted among the coils of a fair head topped with a trim outing cap, although fully sensible of its power to attract the most indifferent eye, especially when interposed in the direct line of vision of a straight course upon which one is bent on steering a canoe, but a conversation spas-

modically carried on over shoulders however shapely cannot be altogether edifying, if it may not indeed be wholly unsatisfactory.

It may have been that Madge was satiated with "scenery," and a change of position appeared restful, or, again, the psychological study of this new and unknown species which she had promised herself may have recurred to her and the time seemed propitious to begin; however it was, the impulsive girl, unthinking of the unstable nature of a canoe in resisting sudden movement, whirled about to face the steersman, only to be greeted with a quick, sharp:

"Mais, pren' garde, ma'm'selle, pour l'amour de Dieu!"

As she sank to her seat on the bottom of the canoe, Madge realized that the alertness and skill of her proposed "subject" had alone averted disaster.

"Mademoiselle will pardon the French and the manner of it?" apologized Gaston, "but the danger was great, and I forget 'tis not the gang on the logs I talk to."

"Nearly over, weren't we? and then, Farewell, a long farewell to all my frizzes!" parodied the girl to her uncomprehending, serious-eyed companion, for whose relief she quickly added:

"But I can swim, and I suppose you can, so it wouldn't much matter getting a little wet so close to camp, would it?"

"You swim!" gasped the astonished Gaston, as he stared in wonder at this order of woman most uncommonly "new" to his ken. "*Seigneur!* Not more than three men of my gang can swim one stroke!"

"Not!" was the amazed reply. "Why—how—what can they do when an accident happens?"

Gaston's only answer was a significant shrug, and a sideward-glancing nod over the gunwale.

"Well, I never!" was all the girl's ample vocabulary afforded on sudden call.

"I find it curious but true," commented Gaston, "the waterman likes not the water; and a woman swim!—never have I seen or heard of it."

"And I never knew a landsman who couldn't. All our girls at college can—obliged to learn, in fact—and I happen to hold the Championship." Then, having ventured this modest admission, and seeing his wonderment grow, Madge mischievously hurried on: "Oh, women can do many things you may not have heard of or seen—ride, fence, shoot, anything, everything—as well as cook and keep house, which some think we should only do. I can't yet fish for salmon or paddle a canoe—though if you will teach me I mean to learn to do both— but I can pull a fair oar in our college crew, and—"

Suddenly recalling her chums' given sobriquet, "the Mad Lindsay," the girl here broke off, and leaning back on the cushioned seat, she again gave herself up to the restful enjoyment of the passing scene of river and wood, leaving Gaston to silent consideration of his new viewpoint. "Crew," "champion," were household words in the shanties, but such glib familiarity with the lips of this radiant visitant from another world was strangely bewildering and called for a readjustment of his ideas on many points. No wonder her father should caution him to take special care of his precious charge, and he, Gaston Delahaye, the smartest guide and riverman in the Gaspé Peninsula, would surely be faithful to his trust; would teach her all she cared to learn of the angling craft; help her to the full enjoyment of her holiday, and see her depart on the steamer to her own place with never a thought beyond the discharge of his duty, for which he was well paid.

But how different this girl to Alphosine down there on

the farm by the beach, a slice of which would, no doubt, be hers when her parents bestowed her hand and dowry on the man of their well considered choice. She was content to milk the cows and rake the hay on week-days, and on Sundays to drive in her fine, new, home-made hat and gown to mass at the parish church seven miles away on the chance of a smile and a kind word from Gaston, the best shanty-man in all the camps. And why deny her? Why not say the word for which she fondly waits—the troth-pledge which shall bind two hearts of kindred race and faith, and prepare the way for the calling of the banns, the wedding, the little home, and the large family which count as riches among the folk of the countryside? Why not, indeed, when all things point to so manifest and fitting destiny? Ah, but that was yesterday, before this dazzling meteor flashed across the placid heaven of simple bliss! Beware, Gaston! Take heed that he who worships a star sets a snare for his feet! And yet, why not? A man's a man, and 'tis that a woman loves, in the city as in the woods, and the blood of the De la Haye who came over with the Bourbon lilies and dyed their white field red with it is as good as the best! And does it not run in the veins of this far-away descendant in a corner of La Nouvelle France where first his great ancestor set foot and joined in the *Te Deum* when the Golden Lilies were unfurled to the welcoming breeze? Nay, nay; peace, fool! Take heed to thy work and the stranger's pay. Leave idle dreams and wander not from the ways of thine own people to thy soul's hurt. Up! On! for dark falls and the camp must be reached.

If strange, unwonted communings flitted through Gaston's disturbed brain, he gave no outward sign, but steadily urged the canoe along its course. The girl, too, showed nothing in her face of any thought but supreme content in the lulling, swiftly-gliding motion of the canoe

over the shadows of the trees in the smooth water. In fact, she seemed to have forgotten the existence of her self-apportioned "study," and the casual and indifferent glances her wandering eyes happened to bestow upon him as his powerful arms drove the paddle through the water betokened no further recognition than as part of the plan for her enjoyment.

Her reveries, however, were now interrupted and her thoughts brought down to the level of matter-of-fact as Gaston's voice quietly broke in:

"V'la le camp, ma'm'selle!"

"Already! Oh, I thought we were miles away yet!" And even as she spoke the canoe had slipped alongside the little landing-stage. Gaston had stepped ashore, knelt, and with one hand steadying the canoe was holding out the other to assist her to land.

Now, this was a very ordinary proceeding in the routine of a guide's duty at which Gaston usually posed gracefully; but as the little fingers were placed confidently in the strong hand held out in support of the dainty figure stepping from canoe to wharf, and a pleasant word of thanks for the safe ending of an entertaining voyage was dropped from the smiling lips, something of incongruity of attitude seemed to strike the kneeling Gaston, who fumbled with the canoe and could only mutter:

"'Tis nothing—'tis but the day's work."

The changed tone was barely noticed by the girl as she swept a glance across the broad shoulders bent over the canoe in the act of unloading the small belongings scattered therein. The interest, if any there were, was but momentary, and quickly disappeared as Madge caught sight of the other canoes coming up the reach and making for the landing. Fluttering signals gave way to cheery greetings as the canoes neared and swung in to

shore. The bustle of unloading passengers and baggage broke in on the solitude; then, with the care-free air of children, the little procession passed up the footway to the lodge on the bank above.

Camp housekeeping being but a matter of turning a key or driving a tent-peg, spreading a blanket and opening a can, the preliminaries are soon over, belongings stowed away, supper prepared by deft and experienced hands and heartily enjoyed by sharpened appetites, and the happy trio are assembled on the wide verandah, taking in in great, satisfying draughts the pine-laden breath of the woods in the forest-softened afterglow of a brilliant sunset merging into the delightful northern twilight.

"So this is the forest of Arden!" interrupted the impetuous Madge. "Surely if dear old Touchstone were fellow-traveller with us now he would feel no compulsion towards being content!"

"Caught the fever already, eh, little one?"

"Dad, dear, I actually feel it in my bones. Oh, I see it all even now—Nature-passion, forest-hunger, river-love—call it what you will, that lures the votaries of the many-named, elusive deity yearly to her shrine. I thought it was the fish, and couldn't understand why folk could go to such trouble merely 'to kill something'—"

"Which goes to show that you have only learned a part. In approaching from the æsthetic side you do well; but, believe me, while emphasizing the fishing, the angler does not despise the fish, and the thrill of pursuit and capture you have yet to feel."

"But the man of numbers and pounds—the 'record-breaker'?"

"Is a thing abhorred, to me, at least. In this camp the word is tabooed, and I make it a rule to take no more fish than we can use for the table without surfeit, or con-

veniently despatch to distant friends who, I think, appreciate the courtesy."

"Then angling presents as marked antithetical phases as Lord Bacon's Christian Paradoxes?"

"And as reconcilable into perfect harmony by the sympathetic disciple."

As the little group lingered in pleasant chat, and the men lounged and smoked in restful ease after their long day's work with paddle and pole, the shadows deepened and night closed her curtains about the tired camp, reminding all that early hours were now, at least, the wise rule for right living.

"Come, good people, time for bed! Lights out, Gaston, and breakfast sharp at seven, as usual!"

"*Oui, m'sieu'!*" came promptly back from the men's quarters.

"Mademoiselle takes her first lesson with you to-morrow, you know!"

"*Je suis prêt, m'sieu'!*" came again, but in a tone not quite so sure as the words implied, and soon the whole company were being lulled into dreamless sleep by the night-song of the wakeful trees, hummed to the river's accompanying tattoo rapped against the hollow sides of the canoes moored to its bank.

The fishing programme outlined for the morrow was duly carried out on that and the ensuing days, but why linger over the details? The making of an angler!—has it not been touched by the hand of the Master, and the impossibility of doing it "by the book" fully shown? To the initiated it is an old, oft-repeated, ever new tale, most charmingly told by tongue, pen and brush; but to the uncomprehending, how explain the fascination of the Cast, the Rise, the Strike, the Leap, the Rush, ending either in the differing excitements of the Capture or the Break-away. Suffice it to say that if we have correctly

read the faintly-drawn lines of her portrait, we can easily imagine the eager and apt pupil gradually but surely advancing to the adept degree, and we follow the camp rule of keeping no "record."

Here was employment more absorbing than any abstract, psychological study of an obscure woodman's undeveloped mentality, whose taciturnity but increased with her enthusiasm. His assiduity as mentor was unfailing, his care watchful, and his respectful bearing marked; but surely civility, even so far north, might easily be less icy, and a guide's discernment should promptly inform him when his pupil's hands had learned to hold a rod without the aid of another pair. And his eyes! Come to think of it, when first noticed they seemed to shine with a frank twinkle, but now, when one can fix them at all in their shifty roving, they glow with a strange light, like a coal among the ashes of the dying camp-fire. Really, this immaculate Gaston is getting tiresome, and his small stock of words grows rapidly less. The merry Henri, or even one of the new men, though less skilful, would be more entertaining than this "boss of the gang," as he calls himself. One can be civil to a woman and keep his place without being a bear. Well, even a woman can do something to stir up a bear. He won't rise to a Jock Scott like a salmon, but perhaps a Magpie or a Gnat may attract his majesty's attention. True, the old English proverb says something about "sleeping dogs," which, no doubt, includes bears, and his French one goes further in declaring, "*Il-y-a un cochon qui dort dans chacun.*" No matter! mischief's afoot; stir he must, and a bun will quiet him.

"Here, Gaston, put up the rod, please; I'm tired of fishing and want to rest."

"Mademoiselle commands."

"Well, then, talk to me!"

"Mais—"

"Oh, you can talk fast enough when you like. You did pretty well the other evening when the men teased you about some 'petite Alphosine.' You talk to her, no doubt. Yes, tell me about her! Where does she live? Is she pretty and charming above all others?"

"Alphosine!—She is nothing to me."

"Oh, fie, Gaston, 'tis not the part of a good *cavalier* to deny his lady in that fashion. Does the taint of the Disloyal Fisherman run through you all?"

"Mademoiselle is pleased to jest with sacred things, and trifle with matters she does not understand."

"Not understand! And what may it be that is so far beyond my poor comprehension?"

"This love at which Mademoiselle laughs."

Now, Mademoiselle had well-defined notions of her own upon the subject which she considered well-fitting in general, and eminently satisfactory to herself in particular. Moreover, she saw in imagination a dear face bent over a desk in the heat and turmoil of a distant city, lighted with the hope of a nearing day when the strong hands and clear brain should achieve the home for the woman whose love was already won, and the thought interposed a counter-suggestion to the spirit of mischief. It was but passing, however, and the wilful sprite of the untrammelled woodland had its way with the city maid, and her bantering tongue was again loosened:

"Laugh at love! And why not? Hear that old loon laughing now! If he had seen the funny things I have he would split his quills. A lover on his knees swearing devotion and begging for pity is a paradox of mirth! I told one I'd be a mother to him, but that only made him cross, and then he was funnier still."

"'Tis as I said, Mademoiselle does not comprehend."

"Not, indeed? Then, wise hermit, expound unto me, that I may fully know!"

With that it was as if the wind had breathed upon the ashes where the bush fire has swept, fanning new life into the grey death only sleeping among the blackened stumps. Creeping with snake-like stealth and licking up the smouldering turf, then reaching out fiery tongues to the fringe of standing firs and transfixing these with reddened fangs, the insatiable devourer roars unchecked and mouths its easy prey with ruthless jaws.

The demon of heredity, born in a lustful and corrupt court, transhipped to new lands in the company of an arrogant militarism, roving its wilds with the boisterous *coureur-de-bois* and his savage mate, had slumbered over the intervening years to appear reincarnate in the breast of this half-tamed rover on the fringe of a civilization, the blood of whose sturdy peasantry pulsates with the lust of life and throbs with the riot of fecundity, and it needed but the unthinking touch to wake the sleeping spirit and impel the possessed on the furious path of blind and heedless passion.

"You say you understand, and yet you laugh! *Grand Dieu*, Mademoiselle, you should fear and pray! You come from your great world to these far woods with the beauty of the moon in a clear summer's night, fair but cold—cold as the heart that laughs at the love you think you know—beautiful and bloodless as an angel of light! You would know what this love is? Then learn of the king of these woods, the lordly moose. Fancy you hear the lusty trumpet-calls of mate answering to mate echoing through the hills, as I have heard it many times! Listen to the crashing of brush and sapling as he tears his way in obedience to the love that drives him on! Hark to the far defiance of some jealous rival frantic

with rage! Figure to yourself the meeting of the two monarchs rushing to close in deadly strife! Watch the eye-flashing onset! Hear the clash of horns, the pounding of hoofs, the fury of battle! The combat joins—the fearful weapons interlock in the death-grapple—oh, the trampling and the panting and the blood! It is the fight of kings—the prize is love—if one may not win neither shall the other—it is war to the death! So with a man who has not the heart of a hare. Thus would I woo a woman who shall be my mate. Thus will I win her. Thus I claim her, for 'tis *you* I love, and you are *mine*, and none other shall have you!"

"Really, Monsieur Gaston Delahaye, I'm scarcely prepared for this impetuous and dramatic proposal. I can't say that I feel greatly honored by such flattering attention, either. But let me quite understand. You—you *peasant*—want to—to—marry me—*me!*—Oh, this is positively *rich!*"

"Marry!—*Ciel!* I said naught of marriage! What are your mumbled rites to me? I know the peasant may not marry the princess—may not even have what she calls her love—but he may have *herself*, and, by all the saints, that will I!"

"Ah!—No! don't touch me!—Sit still and hear me, you—toad,—you—snake,—you—any loathsome thing whose touch defiles! You profane the instincts of a noble beast in coupling them with your brute impulses! Neither your insults nor your threats can harm me. Look at me, you *cur!* Perhaps you have his excuse and are mad. Look at me, I say, and tell me if I'm afraid! Cowed, eh?—Put me ashore at the mill, *instantly!*"

Without a word Gaston sullenly took up his dropped paddle, and a few strokes brought the drifting canoe alongside the mill landing. The indignant girl, disdain-

ful of the guide's assisting duty, and seemingly oblivious of his very presence, stepped lightly ashore and strode off up the path. Her advance was quickly stayed and her attention gained at the sound of a troubled voice and a single apologetic word:

"*Mademoiselle!*"

Fire and passion had seemingly all been burnt out, and remorse, penitence, humility, respect, duty, united in producing the tone in which it was uttered. The generous girl, disarmed at once, turned to him as he sat still in the stern of the canoe. The angry flash faded from her eyes as she calmly looked him over. The hot sting dropped from her speech as it slowly came in the quiet answer:

"Well?"

"*Mademoiselle* is noble, beautiful, kind, and I presumed, and trespassed far. She is also good, and knows how to forgive. 'Tis as she says, I must have been mad, but it has passed. If she will pardon, I am again at her command and will no more offend. I pledge the faith of a *De la Haye*! Will she trust it and forget?"

"Very well, Gaston, the *amende* is accepted and the affront overlooked."

"Would *Mademoiselle* care to see the mill? It is interesting! I have the *entrée* and can explain?"

"Thank you, Gaston, I should enjoy it much. I intended asking you to show it to me before leaving, and the occasion is convenient."

Leaving the canoe and gear safely moored, they passed on together up the path and entered the mill. To the smiling mill hands it was only the rare sight of a lady visitor—one of "*les pêcheurs Anglaises*"—being shown round by her "guide," Gaston, whom they well knew in other rôles in the shanties and on the drives, and little

attention was paid to them in their wanderings after the first curious glances. Gaston, on his part, brought all his native tact and politeness to his aid in striving to put Madge at her ease and give her pleasure in the visit. He took her first to the dripping *chôte* where the great chains slid their long arms down into the logs penned in the booms, seized one in their iron grip, snatched it on the rollers, and flung it with rumble and clatter into the ripping teeth of the shrieking gang-saws, as the automatic register tallied another victim. He showed the process of squaring and trimming; illustrated the niceties of quick decision as to the best use of the cut for deals or boards; and explained the difference in texture and value between the prevailing spruce and the rare pine. He bade her follow the car with its load of rough boards to the machines where they were planed, grooved and tongued, and even as she watched were turned out into the finished article and whirled away to be stacked and dried prior to shipping off to distant markets. He showed her how the irregular pieces were set aside and swept into the vicious little saws whence they emerged as shingles, so that nothing useful be wasted, and even took her to where the great boilers were placed, and showed her how the immense power to run all this machinery and lighting plant was initiated by fires fed from the otherwise waste sawdust and deal-ends. As they passed on to the incinerator, built for the sole purpose of destroying the slabs trimmed off in squaring the logs, his better nature shone out as he deplored the sad waste of good fuel, for which the poor of the great city would be so grateful, but were deprived of by prohibitory transport cost.

Madge was keenly interested in all she saw of the working of one of the great industries for the supply of

the world's needs, and she plied Gaston with intelligent questioning. Her resentment had all vanished and she was again the enthusiastic learner she had appeared when handling rod and paddle. Gaston's demeanor, too, had changed. The morose grip of some possessing spirit of darkness had relaxed. The imp of taciturnity had fled, and the man summoned all his latent gifts of pleasing to his aid. He really talked well, Madge thought, as she noted the improvement, mildly wondering what new phase of a strange personality should next present itself for her study. She indifferently remarked an unusual brightness in the eloquent black eyes, easily accounted for, however, in the excitement of appearing at his best in the task of *cicerone*, for which he felt and showed himself so well fitted. She readily assented to his suggestion that they should take a final view of the surroundings from the height of the inclined path running beside the endless "traveller" which carried the slabs up to the opening in the tower of the incinerator, where they emptied down upon the consuming fires below. The fascination of watching such continuous movement is akin to that induced when one stands at the brink of a great fall of water, and the impulse comes to a weak mind to throw one's self in the current. Madge was not of this disposition, but she felt a vague uneasiness under the spell, and out of observation of the people of the mill. It was time for a return to camp, anyway, and they had better be moving, she thought, and turned to her guide, who stood below her in the narrow passage.

As she caught the unmistakable gleam in the upturned eyes, the set lines of the pale face, and the tense attitude of the powerful form barring her descent, full conviction of the awful situation burst upon her. There was no sign of fear in the answering flash of her eyes as they

met his in swift challenge. Physical resistance was futile, and hysterical outcry but waste of breath in the overwhelming uproar of whirring machinery. It should again be a contest of wills, and a life hung on the trial. Nerve and training would again win, and a parley was the first line of defence.

"Well, sir, what does this second affront mean? Let me pass!"

"Nay, *Mignonne*, wouldst fly me thus on our wedding morn? Thou wouldst not have love, and I come to thee now in honorable marriage! See the long procession of guests, hear the rumble of their wheels, the laughter and the shouting! Look, they beckon! They wait for us to take our places—!"

"Let me pass, I say!"

"Nay, nay, wouldst so offend by turning thy back on those who come to do thee honor? See the jewelled bracelet I have brought thee! Thy veil—'tis all awry—I will adjust it. Yonder is the church. The door is open. I see the lights and smell the incense. Quick, to thy place in thy coach! I go afoot and meet thee at the altar. Ha! ha!—Joy! joy!—My bride—mine—and none shall take her from me now!"

With a frenzied cry the maniac sped up the incline, stood for a moment at the brink waving his arms in delirious greeting to the rigid form lying helpless among the slabs upon the on-rolling "traveller," then, with beckoning gesture, turned and leaped through the opening down into the yawning cavern of fire!

Mr. Lindsay and his man Henri had also come ashore at the mill to call upon the manager, and there they found her, where the madman had flung her, bound, gagged with her own silk kerchief, insensible among the unheeding blocks sweeping to destruction!

The affrighted hands, who had rushed out to learn the cause of the sudden stoppage of the machinery, and were now, with the manager, Mr. Lindsay and Henri at their head, crowding the incline with awe-stricken faces, pointed to a stout piece of timber which had slipped and jammed the gearing, and devoutly crossed themselves as the reviving lips told in broken sentences the fearsome tale of the half-averted tragedy.

The Censuring of Montgomery Burns.

THE Library Committee of Herringville were assembled in solemn conclave. This august body, like the flourishing burgh itself, may, without, offence be termed an accretion—a product of evolutionary growth. A generation ago the liveliest bucolic imagination scarcely dreamed of the possibility, not to say need, of the one, while the other was yet but a spot in that “undiscovered country” upon which the thoughts of acquisitive and adventurous denizens of the town ever turn, even in their dreams. From a straggling hamlet of a few scattered farm-houses and fishing-cots, whose inhabitants strove to wrest from unwilling soil and uncertain tide a bare subsistence through the hot days of a short summer, and hibernated for long months while wind and wave and berg roared and beat and crunched upon its sea-swept cliffs and beaches, the place had grown into the status of a full-fledged municipality, with an assessment roll all its own. This metropolitan dignity, of course, implied the possession of a mayor and council, and among other modern improvements—not to say objects of interest—the burghers pointed with civic pride to the possession of a “dee-pot,” wharf, and sawmill, of proportions sufficient if not imposing; a store, which included the post and telegraph offices; a hotel and a boarding-house, of the ambiguous character designated as “first-class”; three churches and a sidewalk—one of the former, and all of the latter, intermittently conducted on the installment plan. The telephone was projected, and some daring spirits were even proposing to introduce electric light,—utilizing for the purpose the spare power of the

mill,—but in the meanwhile the short stretch of village street was darkly illumined by the flickering rays of the oil lamps in front of the station, the hotel and the store. The hour when these lights were extinguished was the signal for all honest folk to be abed, when, of course, street lighting is a thing altogether superfluous.

There were not wanting those who cynically declared that this unbounded prosperity was fortuitously due to the persistent colonizing of the first discoverers (who were shrewdly acquiring the choice sites at rapidly advancing prices whereupon to erect the pretty cottages now such an attractive feature of the landscape—and to the assessor), and to the ceaseless praises of their “find” sung to eager listeners who thither flocked and taxed to the utmost the capacities of the aforesaid hostelryes, rather than to the initiative of the original inhabitants. However this may be, there is no mistaking the avidity with which the native-born lays hand on Fortune’s advancing car, and the deftness with which the hand seizes the largess so lavishly dropped by a kindly disposed goddess.

The Library Committee is the culminating bloom of all this evolutionary growth. Its existence, of course, implies a library to be managed, and this acclimatized exotic is almost as much a matter of pride as the new Town Hall in which it is now so worthily housed. Originally established by the visitors in a corner of the Post-Office as a sort of clearing-house for the convenient exchange of paper-covered summer reading among themselves, the surrounding air of progress and advancement actively stimulated its growth. Having no further use for them, the patrons were easily induced to leave behind their well-thumbed novels. Upper shelves of home book-cases were overhauled, and the gleanings—freight collect—were poured out upon the distant flag-station plat-

form in more or less heaped profusion for the cheer and brightening of those long winter nights. Nor were these contributions restricted to the ephemeral last-year novel, as copies of a school dictionary, a perfect, uncut "Pilgrim's Progress," and an encyclopedic, single-volume edition of "Things One Ought to Know" amply testified; and as evidence that the finer aspirations of poetic tastes were not forgotten, witness the beautiful, plush-bound presentation copy of "The Casquet of Gems," cherished as one of the Library's choicest treasures. With this prodigality of gifts there was no thought of purchase—or, indeed, of any fund for the purpose—but as the collection had now grown to the bulky proportions of quite one hundred volumes, fully taxing the shelf space of the pine cupboard kindly presented by a well-wisher at the time of last spring house-cleaning, rather did conservatism incline to drive with a tightened check-rein, and even to apply the brake of a strict censorship. It was tacitly conceded that books which had already established a footing on the shelves had a sort of vested interest in the position and might not fittingly be disturbed; but, on the other hand, it was properly urged that in view of the generous and embarrassing pressure upon limited space, the time was opportune for the introduction of a more discriminating, if not, indeed, restrictive policy respecting new additions. Hence the instituting of a Library Committee, born of a happy inspiration, and launched by enthusiastic and unanimous election at a meeting of local patrons specially called for the purpose.

Thus it was that shortly after their assumption of office we find the Committee in conference assembled. But before inquiring into the special occasion of their coming together, let us make the acquaintance of the individual members of this august body.

First, by courtesy and of right, Madame Chairman, as she had suggested she be addressed in committee, Mrs. R. Bannerman-Woods, wife of the prosperous mill-owner. The hyphenated name and commanding personality of Mrs. R. Bannerman-Woods was a tower of strength, so to speak, under whose ægis every movement in church and state within her sphere of influence took shape and flourished. Presence, position, power were the self-evident attributes attaching to and radiating from the person of this charming lady who so affably presided over the Committee's deliberations. Her tact and finesse were no less delicate and efficacious in compelling the prompt, if uncertain, concurrence of the many adherents whom she interested in the furtherance of her multitudinous schemes for the improvement and regeneration of each successive decadent community amid whom her lot had from time to time been cast.

Next, Mr. Hiram B. Sand, storekeeper and postmaster, and, after Mr. Bannerman-Woods, Herringville's most important citizen, whose election to a seat on the Committee was owing to the electors taking this substantial point of view rather than from a conviction of the nominee's special and expert qualifications for the duties of the position.

Then Miss Melinda Primrose, whose severely plain bonnet, mantilla, half-mits and untrimmed black skirt were as well known to the female portion of Herringville as the many changes of Mrs. Bannerman-Woods' more gorgeous raiment. Miss Primrose's working hours were devoted to catering to the few wants of the fairer portion of the population, as the little black and gold sign, "Milliner & Dressmaker," affixed to her modest door, attested. Unlike that of Mr. Sand, Miss Primrose owed her election to a full belief in her special fitness, it being popularly accepted that all her leisure moments

were devoted to a pursuit of things "literary." It was, of course, positively known that, beside her trade fashion paper, she regularly received the serial numbers of the *Ladies' Own Journal* and the *Family Herald*, and it was even whispered that some of the poetic flights appearing therein disguised under a pseudonym were really the product of her own teeming brain and fluent pen.

Captain Joe Tarpot, master of the schooner *Sea-pigeon*, the fourth member of the Committee, was pre-eminently the popular representative—of the people, for the people, and by the people, with one voice elected to high and unaccustomed place. Captain Joe brought to the deliberations of the Board his hip-high sea-boots, reefer, sou'-wester, jolly, red, barnacle-studded face, rimmed round from chin to ears with a concave framework of bristling whisker, and a voice which, ringing from wheel to bowsprit above the roar of wind and wave, his crew of one man and a boy promptly and tremblingly sprang to obey in the teeth of the fiercest nor'-east blow, and from which prowling imps making a see-saw of his beached dinghy fled in awe and haste.

Completing the full tale of this important aggregation—a tail-ender, so to say—comes Sol Keys, the hotel clerk, who strove to the best of his limited outlook and the capabilities of Mr. Sand's shelves of ready-to-wear adornments to emulate the air and vogue of a distinguished guild, of which he was a humble, if locally important, brother.

Sol, or at least his election, may be characterized as a compromise. It was generally conceded that the "minister" was fairly entitled to a seat, but, as on another occasion when a choice was in question, "the delicate question '*Which?*' arose, an' they argy'd it out as sich." The special qualifications of both pastors were

admittedly equal and undoubted, but as the one was objected to as old, "goody," and—"Orthodox," while the other was scouted as young, "advanced," and—"Congregational," sectional parochialism again trembled on the verge of open war over the traditional bone of contention, "*Which?*" The waggish suggestion of the bus-driver to the effect that inasmuch as the purely "literary" element was well represented in the person of Miss Primrose, his friend, Mr. Sol Keys, being in close touch with the world of patronage from which benefactions flow, and gifted with the persuasive suavity needful to divert the stream hitherward, should be "given the job," was hailed as an inspiration and quickly acted upon.

The Committee thus constituted being met in full number, the cause of their assembling may now be gathered from the President's own words addressed to her colleagues:

"We meet, dear friends, for the first time in discharge of the important—I may say, *highly* important—duties pertaining to our functions of guardians of the public weal. In creating a Committee such as ours for the supervising and censoring of the mental pabulum upon which readers shall be allowed to feed, this community but follows the admirable precedent set by the Church in earliest days and the latest methods employed by metropolitan librarians. The doors of our Library have hitherto swung in too easy welcome to every chance comer, but with your co-operation we shall endeavor to remedy that fault of a too generous hospitality.

"We have before us, as you know, a letter from Mr. Montgomery Burns, the rising young author, who, I am told, was not unknown to many of our people when, in his young days, he spent his summers here in the—

not to speak it disparagingly—callow years of our now prosperous community—”

“Know Monty Burns!” interrupted Captain Joe. “Wal, I guess. He was a *limb*, that’s wot he was. A limb of Satan, full uv the ol’ Nick as a shark’s mouth’s full of teeth. W’y, jest let me tell—”

“Smart boy, Monty. Could ketch more fish in half an hour than the hull caboodle of us could in half a day, an’ wade the brook up to his neck a-doin’ it, too,” interjected Sol.

“Never tho’t he’d a-growed up into one uv them slab-sided writin’ fellers, tho’,” mumbled Captain Joe.

“Learned the trade after you got through schoolin’ him, Joe,” chuckled Sol, with an accompanying dig in the ribs of the ancient mariner.

“I was going on to say,” continued the President, “that Mr. Burns writes pleasantly enough about his book, which you see he entitles, ‘Verities and Visions,’ with a sub-title, ‘Rovings in Regions of Realism and Reverery.’ He says in his letter that the recollections of early days spent here have inspired many of the tales and sketches, and that the fictitious name he gives as the scene of their action is only a thin disguise for our own dear Herringville, and he offers the presentation copy in kindly memory of old-time pleasures found here. The accompanying press notices are both numerous and laudatory, and Mr. Burns casually adds that, having taken the same liberty respecting copies presented to a number of other public libraries, he was much gratified at the flattering words with which the acceptance of his book was accompanied in every case. This is, of course, quite superfluous and wholly irrelevant, and we must not allow our judicial opinion as censors of the Herringville Library to be swayed in the least degree by the actions

of others. The question of the acceptance or rejection of Mr. Burns' book is now before you, and I must ask—"

"Ketch on to all that, Sol?" whispered Captain Joe.

"Shut up, you ol' fool, an' attend to the Chair!"

"Chair's all right, but wot I want to know—"

Another vigorous dig in the ribs served to silence if not satisfy the inquiring member, and the President resumed:

"I must therefore ask for each individual member's opinion as to the action this Committee should take. You have all seen, and are supposed to have read, the book, which, moreover, has, I understand, somewhat irregularly been permitted to circulate unsanctioned. Mr. Sand, what do you say?"

"Wal, madam, I don't fly very high on the book question—keep a few staple lines in stock, of course, same's I carry everything, from a hairpin to a hayrake. Don't claim to be a judge of the in'ards, but this here article seems pretty well put together, kinder showy and gay cover, and I calc'lated to put a sample in stock anyway to sorter brighten up the line. My gal—she's a bit of a reader—got holt of it and read the hull thing. Kinder struck on it, too. Says it's got quite a touch of 'local atmosphere,' whatever that may mean, and ought to sell to our folks well's the summer crowd. I figger it ought to be a good buy, and if it got a boost by us endorsin' it I'd resk an order for a dozen copies. I can't say more than that."

"Miss Primrose, what is your opinion?"

"Madame Chairman!—I—I—feel a little nervous—and—a—some—somewhat diffident in thus speaking—he—he—in public, but the—a—responsibility is great and—and—I must not—he—he—shirk it." The encouraging regard and muffled applause of the Board gave strength to the little lady's halting tongue and, no doubt,

trembling knees, and she proceeded with a more assured manner: "Of course, I read it all—a—carefully. I was not—a—attracted by the more—a—boisterous 'yarns'—if Captain Tarpot will permit the expression—but I was really—a—captivated by some of the—a—delicate flights of fancy, which, to my mind,—a—establish the author's title to rank with the best of our—a—poets. One little thing entitled, 'I Would Forget,'—a—appealed to me as one of the—a—daintiest gems I have met with in all—a—literature. Having said this much in—a—unqualified praise, I regret not being able to go further in—a—commendation. In my search for anything—a—improper—I always do this, you know—I mean—well—I think—that as public censors this should be our—a—first duty—I stumbled across a most objectionably—a—erotic poem, in which the author—a—apostrophizes some—a—female under the—a—fanciful guise of 'The Flower of the Antilles'! When a writer prints such phrases as—a—'plump brown waist and satin skin,'—'nectar-breathing kisses,' and vows it is 'no sin,'—glories in the shame of being—a—enslaved in the 'gypsy's wiles'—I pronounce his work as—a—indecent,—a—immoral, and deserving of being—a—ignominiously—a—banned!"

"Say, Sol," cackled Captain Joe, as the little lady subsided, roseate and indignant, "ef she cud only make ol' Sand-and-sugar believe that, he'd double his order, eh-h-h!"

"Ol' girl's slipped her moorin's. I know the pome. Monty wrote it when he was smokin' a good, fat cigar, that's all."

"Now, Captain Tarpot, we'd like to hear from you, please."

"Wal, Missus Woods, I ain't read no fine prent sence I drapped my last pair uv specs overboard comin' to

anchor in the big blow a month ago, an' as I cudn't make nawthin' out uv the big letters in the name plates on her bows an' starn, I jest fixed it to let my say-so go with the rest uv ye."

"What do you think, Mr. Keys?"

"Oh, I guess it's all right. Very decent of Monty to think of it, too. Was goin' to order one for the parlor table. For the sake of old times I say, hit or miss, let her go!—unless—what's your own opinion, madam? We'd all like to hear it."

"Well, speaking wholly dispassionately, and quite unprejudiced by any personal bias for or against a, no doubt, most estimable young man, and confining myself strictly to a view of the book as a book. I would say that, despite casual instances and fragmentary paragraphs where the matter rises to a fairly high level, it strikes me on the whole as a commonplace *mélange* of grandiloquent mediocrity which—"

"Sol, my boy, the anchor's lost holt, an' I'm adrift—"

"—Which, nevertheless, need not necessarily be condemned on this ground alone; but I have here a letter from some unknown young friend which, notwithstanding the otherwise unpermissible fault of anonymity, deserves most serious consideration. Our young friend vigorously complains that the author in describing the typical evolution of some imaginary watering-place—Herringville, of course, understood—attaches an undeserved stigma to a most worthy community by qualifying the people as '*sleepy*,' and '*slow*,' and calls upon us as public censors to resent the unjust imputation by—"

"What's that?—'*Slow*'!—That settles it!—I take it all back! No more of him for me, after that!" snapped out Mr. Sand.

"'*Sleepy*'!" roared Captain Joe, "I'll wake 'm up! I'll senshure 'm! Sense 'm with a rope's end, that's wot

I'll do! You fetch 'm here, Sol—I seen 'm battin' his little w'ite balls over the fish net 's I come along. It's a d-d—you quit pullin' my coat tails, Sol—I say it's a d-downright insult,—a—a—rambationous outrage, that's wot it is! Fetch 'm right in, Sol! Senshure, indeed, —you jest watch me do it!"

"Now, Captain Tarpot, pray don't harm the poor young man. Some less violent measures will surely serve," pleaded the perturbed and frightened little milliner.

"Indeed, Captain Tarpot, it's not a question of bodily chastisement at all. It solely concerns the *book*, and not the *author*, and Miss Primrose is quite right in saying that we shall readily find some effectual, if less energetic, method of dealing with the matter," interposed the President.

"Boycottin's too easy. Run him out, and his doggoned book along with him, I say," cried Mr. Sand, in unappeased wrath, as Sol scurried out of the door to escape the storm, echoes of which still rang in his ears as he ran plump into the author of all this excitement sauntering slowly back from the tennis-ground, racket in hand and blazer flung lightly over the other arm.

"Monty, ol' man, there's the very devil to pay! The Committee—your book—your letter—they're settin' on 'em now, an' singin' 'Glory, Hallelujah' to boot. Been sent to fetch you, an' I come to give you warnin'. Jest time to ketch the train—send your bill after you—*git*, ol' man, GIT!"

"Ease up, Sol, and cool off. What's up, anyway?"

"I tell you they sent me to fetch you, and—"

"Oh, I see. Flattering reception—personal thanks—and all that—"

"No!—No!—You don't understand—"

"Yes, I think I do. No need to make such a fuss over

a trifle, though. Much prefer they'd sent a note. Still, if it pleases the dears, I guess I can stand it. May be a good thing, after all."

"Reckon you'll change your mind when you see 'em."

"I've got an idea, I tell you. Come on!"

Having got into his jacket, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, Sol following nervously in his wake, reached the council chamber, Mr. Burns pushed open the door and stood a moment quietly regardful of the scene. Mr. Sand sat glum and silent. The President's welcoming bow, meant to be very distant and formal, was shorn of its extreme severity by the surprised half-smile of mild approval noting its graceful return. Miss Primrose shyly glanced the length of his seventy-two inches, from clustering locks, past laughing eyes, over *négligé* shirt, belt and ducks, down to canvas shoes, where her gaze modestly rested in mollified satisfaction with the proper outward figure of a man, as she wrestled with her conscience still objecting to his works. Catching sight of Captain Joe in his corner where he sat struggling to contain his exploding wrath, and endeavoring to banish all expression of joyful emotion in again seeing his young "limb" branched out into such an attractive growth, Mr. Burns hurried over to him with outstretched hand and cheery greeting:

"Why, Joe, you old grampus, I *am* glad to see you. Haven't changed a bit in all these years! How are you, anyway? Do you remember that day—?"

Here a low word or two had the effect of completely shattering the doughty mariner's fell designs, and he broke out into a loud "Haw! haw!" as Mr. Burns turned to his neighbor:

"Mr. Sand, I believe. Pleased to meet you, sir. I knew the place before you did, but you've done much to improve it since then—"

"Mrs. Bannerman-Woods will, I know, think me sufficiently vouched for, and she needs no introduction. Her zeal in good works is a household word even in the city—"

"And this, surely, is none other than Miss Primrose. Oh, your fame has travelled, Miss Primrose. Why, it's only the other day I heard my sisters vowing that the much vaunted Madame Aiguille couldn't make frocks to fit them like dear Miss Primrose down at Herringville—their own words, I assure you—"

"Speaking of your book, Mr. Burns—" the President now remarked.

"Oh, pray, *don't* speak of it, madam. Let us waive that and take it all for granted. A mere trifling attention, quite unworthy of the kind way you receive it—and me. And yet, do you know, you really can help me, materially. We poor scribblers can't live on paper, or by bread alone. Our circulation is all-important, and a good word fitly spoken is a swift stimulant. Mr. Sand, my publisher writes me, spoke of placing the book on his counters—if he'd order fifty copies, now?—Yes!—Well, that *is* kind! Sol, here, has promised to buy a few and do all he can to talk it up. Joe, you old freebooter, if you don't buy a dozen copies and give them away to all your friends, I'll never clew a sheet or bait a hook on your old ark again—all right!—that's settled, then. If Miss Primrose will do me the honor of accepting a copy it will be the proudest moment of my life?—You will!—Oh, thank you! And Mrs. Bannerman-Woods—?"

"Thank you very much, Mr. Burns, but I couldn't think of trespassing that far on your good-nature. If you'll allow me to give more practical encouragement, I'll order six copies to-morrow."

"Now, this is overwhelming me with kindness. The

interview you sought threatened to prove embarrassing, but you relieve the situation most generously. I shall look to the pleasure of meeting you all—new and old friends—frequently during my stay. Again, many thanks! Good day!”

There was no regular motion put to the Committee, and the meeting slowly melted away without even a formal adjournment, Sol merely remarking to Captain Joe as they sauntered out: “Well, Cap, I guess she goes!”

The Princess and the Prisoner

(A Fable.)

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

FAR back in the Golden Days of Youth there ruled a noble King and gracious Queen over the Sunny Land of Heart's Delight.

And the fairest thing in all the Sunny Land were the golden curls and the smiling lips and the laughing eyes of the little Princess Desire, the true Heart's Delight of the Royal Pair.

In the upbringing of the Royal Child nothing was spared to fitly train one destined to such high estate, the most experienced instructor, Wisdom by name, being retained for this high service, and having supervision of all tutors and underlings.

Now all of Wisdom's Law was given in three simple rules: LOVE, HONOR, OBEY. For she taught thus: "If one *loves*, one will not harm; if one *honors*, one thereby wins esteem; if one *obeys*, one shall thus learn to rule;" and these precepts she urged continually.

Now there were about the Palace three slaves whom the King had captured from the Outlander, and these were given to be the servants of the little Princess to minister to her needs and pleasures. And the name of the first was Earth, and the second was called Air, and the third was Water; and they all came bending on humble knee and proffered loyal homage.

And Earth spoke: "Lo, I am strong and my limbs are stout, and I will bear thee in my arms when thou goest abroad, and I will show thee all the beautiful

things in the Sunny Land and teach thee their names and show thee how they grow, and thy days shall be a delight and thy nights peaceful, and thou shalt be nourished and fed."

And Air whispered: "I will fend thee from all noisome vapors that issue from the swamp and dank morass, and bring to thee the Breath of Life. I will teach thee the song of my tossing branches, and their choristers shall make thee sweet music. I will make thee toys that fly and sparkle in the sun, and waft thee in my winged ships whither thou wilt."

And Water murmured: "I will lave thee in my secret pools so thy flesh shall be fair and thine eyes bright and thy laughter joyous, and I will give thee to drink of my ever-living springs. I will lead thee by flowery meads and make thee garlands of my lilies, and my swift paddles shall cleave thee fair highways whereon thou mayest gaily ride."

And it was even as the Three had said.

Now, there was yet another prisoner taken from the Outlander—a fearsome creature, of magic powers—and the name of this captive was Fire, and he was forced to do menial service for his new master. But by reason of his uncertain temper and furious outbursts he was kept confined, and none but the Master Workman might approach his den under pain of death, for so ran the King's decree.

Now, there dwelt among the maids and serving-men a little Imp whom no one fathered and all by turns cudgelled or fondled as they were moved to do; and the waif's name was Perversity, by reason of her unheeding impulse to Do the Forbidden Thing. And the scullery-maid, forsooth, sought the Princess for a playmate, but her maid Prudence was wary, and the Governante Wis-

dom alert, and Desire and Perversity were kept apart in their several places.

But one day, while Wisdom slept, and Prudence dallied with the Officer of the Guard, and Desire wandered alone, the Imp accosted her and craved companionship, which the unguarded Desire thoughtlessly accorded, and they strayed away together.

And as they strolled and chattered, lo, Perversity would tempt Desire to Do the Forbidden Thing. "Look you, now," quoth she, "this Fire-Demon whom men fear and bind is nothing frightful, but a lovely youth all gaily apparelled whom it is cruel to so misuse. I have peeped and seen—let me prove to thee I speak truly."

And Desire was at first mindful of Wisdom's precepts. "Wouldst thou have me thus requite those who love me, and dishonor mine own self? Is it not written: 'Thou shalt not!' and must I not *obey*?"

But Perversity entreated and Desire yielded, and together they sought the captive's den.

And lo, to the beguiled vision of Desire it appeared as if Perversity had indeed spoken truth, for by his magic the erstwhile fearsome Demon had taken upon himself the guise of a comely youth garbed in shining raiment, all jewelled and sparkling in the sunlight, who thus addressed her:

"See you, now, my Princess, how thy friends miscall and ill-use me! Do but use thy power! Speak but the word, 'Be free!' and my fetters shall crumble even at the sound of thy voice! And I shall be thy playmate, thy slave, and none shall love thee more or serve thee better!"

And Desire was stirred, and the words were spoken, and the Prisoner stepped forth, free and untrolled!

But even on the instant did Desire fail, and her cheek blanched, and her limbs became as wax, for the gay

apparel of the gallant youth fell away, and his form changed and took on that of a shaggy beast with ravening jaws and eyes like glowing coals and claws that reached forth to rend the hapless maid.

And the Imp fled shrieking her cry of alarm: "The Fire-Demon hath broken forth and devoured the Princess!" And the servants and men-at-arms trembled, fearing the power of the Demon and the wrath of the King.

And Air sped to the rescue of his beloved mistress, but his coming did the more enrage the Devourer, and he swelled in his wrath and rushed furiously on his destroying way. And Water valiantly threw himself in the Demon's path, but was swept aside as so much vapor. And Earth interposed his lusty body to stay the Destroyer, but he, too, was overthrown and trampled to dust.

And the Demon-form waxed and grew mightily, and the lust of destruction increased with each new victim fed to the hungry jaws. And the Destroyer spared neither castle nor cot, nor man nor maid, nor any living thing, and the Sunny Land became an ashen waste and passed from the knowledge of men.

Now, by reason of there being naught left to feed upon, the rage of the Destroyer waned and his strength left him, and he was again taken and confined by the peoples within whose borders he came, and the place of his passing they called Devastation.

And when the candles are lit, and the logs blaze on the hearth the granddam tells her frightened nurselings the fateful tale of Heedless Desire who wrought such woe; and the long-lost Princess of the vanished Land of Heart's Delight is called by the folk even to this day, "The Child Who Played With Fire."

As the Sparks Fly Upward.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—You will receive with this, together with other more substantial evidence of my confidence and love, from my Executors, at such time as they may be called upon in the course of Nature and Providence to assume their duties, a package of old newspaper clippings and letters carefully numbered and arranged in ordered sequence by myself up to the point where necessarily another hand must intervene and write “Finis” for me. I greatly underrate your discerning sense of copy-values if you do not find therein good material capable of effective use merely as fiction illustrative of the age-old truth that “man is born to trouble.” If, however, you approve of my second thought that the simple presentation of the writers’ own words—carefully edited as to names, places and dates—would better serve, you will please so decide. Either way, it will be to the curious reader merely a passing revelation of the workings of the human heart beneath the surface-seeming of human life; but, carefully disguise it as you may, my hope is that the informed few may read between the lines, learn the exact truth, and accord long-deferred vindication, not alone of me, but of that dearer other-self who only waits my coming to consummate a never-ending spirit-union.

“What a wounded name
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.”

Affectionately yours,
GEOFFREY CHRIGHDON.

I.

MARRIED.

GILDERSON.—WINSCOMBE—In this city, on the 30th of June, at St. Saviour's Church, by the Rector of the Parish, James Gilderson to Alicia Winscombe.

II.

PERSONALS.

As briefly announced in another column, one of the most brilliant social functions which the venerable walls of our fashionable church edifice have ever witnessed took place this afternoon, when the eminent banker, James Gilderson, was united in marriage to the beautiful and talented Miss Winscombe, so well known in educational circles as one of the ablest of the teaching staff of our justly renowned Collegiate Institute. The church was profusely but tastefully decorated with the highest skill of the florist's art, and rich crimson carpets were spread beneath the awning erected from the church door to the street. Faultlessly attired young gentlemen ushered the hundreds of immaculately gowned guests to the portion of the sacred edifice set apart for them and marked off by white satin ribbons festooned with marguerites, beyond which an interested gathering of the uninvited, who dearly love to witness such spectacles, more or less decorously pressed and jostled for commanding positions. Needless to say, the bride looked charming, attired as she was in a dainty, tailor-made going-away gown of fawn-colored *drap de chameau*, with Alpine felt hat and plumes to match. She was attended only by one bridesmaid, a colleague in educational work. The bride being an orphan, and in the

absence of any near relatives, she was given away by the Principal of the Institute. The groom's cousin attended him as best man. There was no reception, the happy pair leaving at once by the afternoon train for a short honeymoon sojourn among the mountains, whence they return to the handsome residence newly bought and richly furnished by the proud owner for his adored bride on the Crescent, overlooking the Park. From one of the privileged few who have been permitted to see them we learn that the presents are unusually numerous, elegant and costly, the groom's being some specially choice jewels and substantial settlements of, we understand, large figures. The June sun probably never smiled upon a marriage which promised so much of happiness to a couple dowered with wealth, position, friends, and all that makes for joy in life and each other. Rumor has it, however, that there was one absent guest in the person of a prominent young professional man who could not bear to look upon so much happiness through another's eyes, but rumor is not clear as to whether it was some fatal hesitancy which allowed so dear a prize to escape, or a willingness on the part of the lovely captive to be snared by the enticing allurements of that gilded dovecote on the Crescent and its rich faring. We, however, leave such trifling to the gossips, and add our own *bon voyage* to the general acclaim.—*Evening Chronicle*.

III.

YELLOW JOURNALISM.

To the responsible editor of the respectable newspaper the problem of the growing tendency towards sensationalism in the journals of the day presses with ever-increasing persistency. Why this craving, this lack of the sense of proportion which magnifies the unimportant

happenings of some cross-roads hamlet into "good copy" demanding large and preferred space with display headings and leaded type, while an item of news affecting the world's history is dismissed with a few lines in a corner of an inside page? Is the multifold, many-columned sheet, with its poster advertisements and cheap padding, really the final attainment of evolution in newspaperdom, and the convenient pocket edition, with judiciously compiled news, carefully selected literature, ably edited leaders and rigorously censored advertisements, still the unattainable ideal of a few visionaries? For the honor of the craft we are inclined to the belief that a vitiated public taste has forced the editorial hand to dispense a pabulum consonant with the depraved appetite of undiscerning readers. But does the duty of the conductors of our newspapers end here, and have they no responsibility in the matter of educating their public up to a higher standard of mental aliment by refusing to supply unwholesome nutriment? What utter trivialities are printed even in presumably influential journals of wide circulation, fitting, possibly, the columns of a village paper, but surely beneath the notice of a metropolitan press! What back-stair methods are adopted to pry among card-receivers and luggage labels to obtain information as to the arrival and departure of guests! What subornation of menials to wink at surreptitious peering among the gifts of friendship on the occasion of a marriage, and what tradesman-technique is lavished in description of the toilets of invited guests at the ceremony so unblushingly intruded upon! We go no farther than the pages of an evening contemporary's last issue for illustration of our point, but were this all we might well leave the matter to be settled between the editor and his readers. When, however, triviality becomes personality, and gossip is fanned by the breath of scandal

to blast reputations, we should fail in our duty if we kept silent. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that the thought of giving needless pain should weigh in checking the slanderous impulse behind such venomous pens. We can only say, on the best authority, that the imputation so shamefully put upon three most estimable people is grossly impertinent, wholly unjustifiable and entirely false.—*Morning Transcript*.

IV.

July 10th, 18**.

DEAR MRS. GILDERSON,—May I claim the privilege of an old friend and offer my heartiest felicitations upon your marriage, with all good wishes for united happiness in the new relationship? I have been knocking about a good deal of late and the cards have only just reached me, together with the *Chronicle's* report of the happy event. Need I say how deeply I sympathize with the pain such despicable allusions must have caused you and your worthy husband? The *Transcript's* dressing down was deservedly emphatic, but, alas! the futility of attacking such insects with a sledge-hammer.

Faithfully yours,

GEOFFREY CHRIGHDON.

Mrs. James Gilderson.

V.

5 The Crescent, July 20th, 18**.

DEAR MR. CHRIGHDON,—I find your kind note of 10th awaiting me here on our return. Of course you may. Good wishes and old friends are highly valued, and my husband and I are thankful for the large measure of them with which we are blessed. Indeed, we wondered

why you did not present both in person, till your note explained.

I did not see the newspaper comment you speak of, and cannot now procure the numbers. It is quite unimportant, but if you should chance to have them I'm curious to see the clippings.

Sincerely yours,

ALICIA GILDERSON.

P.S.—The uncertainty of your changing address makes me fear that perhaps you did not get my note thanking you for your beautiful gift. It is so characteristically tasteful and altogether unique that I want to make sure you shall know how much we both admire and value it.

A. G.

Mr. Geoffrey Chrighdon.

VI.

August 5th, 18**.

DEAR MRS. GILDERSON,—The misadventure of not getting your acknowledgment of my little remembrance is amply compensated for in the charming little P.S. to your note of 20th ult., which just catches me as I make another jump. If my trifling gift serves occasionally to remind you of one old friend and well-wisher, the little trouble I have taken in selecting it but adds to my pleasure in knowing that you like and approve my choice.

As to the clippings, had I thought for a moment that you had so happily escaped, you may be sure of my silence. I would spare you now, but as your wish is a command I promptly, if doubtfully, comply in sending them to you.

Faithfully yours,

GEOFFREY CHRIGHDON.

Mrs. James Gilderson.

VII.

5 The Crescent, Sept. 15th, 18**.

MY DEAR MR. CHRIGHDON,—I've tried a dozen times to answer your letter, but the bitter shame of such cruel imputations has stifled coherent thought and brought only tears. Even now I fear I cannot connectedly express what I want to say, but I must write. "What enemy hath done this?" Who could be so wicked as to think and say that I took my kind and generous husband for what he had, not what he was?—for that's what it means. God and my own heart, at least, know how false the base insinuation is. The pity of it is that I cannot bear the pain alone, but another must be dragged in to suffer with me, as I know you do, for I don't pretend to hide from myself that it's you the wretch strikes at. I made no attempt to conceal the pleasure I took in the frank and sympathetic relations of the old days, the delightful talks on books, art, music, and what not, but confess to a slight shock to my *amour propre* when all this came so unaccountably to an end. You were satisfied, I was content, and the world seemed altogether a pleasant place and your friendship one of its rarest gifts. Then my husband came. I admired his manly character—he idolized me. He claimed me for his mate. I gladly yielded. We were married. We're happily man and wife. A simple enough story—even commonplace—and to think that a romancing penny-a-liner should distort it into the vile slander that having been slighted by you I hurried into a loveless, mercenary marriage! Oh! the cruel lie—and the shame of it—and how impotent we are! Unless—no, I'll not forestall your instinctive impulse. My husband will be glad to know you, and I—well, I've not quite forgotten the old days. There! I've

said it, after all, begged a renewal of our friendship! If too unseemly, pray forgive, acquit if you can, and forget if you will.

Very sincerely yours,

ALICIA GILDERSON.

Mr. Geoffrey Chrighdon.

VIII.

Dec. 20th, 18**.

MY DEAR MRS. GILDERSON,—The coming season of general good-will reminds me of my seeming indifference to the evidence that your own still exists for me. I say "seeming" advisedly, for your pain has lain heavily upon me, but I felt as helpless to relieve it as I was grieved to be the innocent cause of it; and I trusted to the cure of the great healer, Time. Slander, like the other Great Slayer, ever loves a shining mark, but, unlike the other, is foiled by a brave determination to *live it down*, and in this you have my warmest sympathy. As to my share of it, pray do as I have done, dismiss it utterly as wholly unimportant and unworthy of a moment's thought.

It's very comforting to me to feel that even an old, battered link is not disdained when friendship would weld new chains, and I'm altogether grateful for the proffered welcome—you surely did not think *I* had forgotten the "old days"—but this pleasure lies still in the future. Just now I'm revelling in the unexpected realization of many dreams in extended travel—which is likely to be prolonged indefinitely. This is made possible by the very considerable inheritance left me by my uncle, as you may have heard, but the fly in my cup is

the thought that no congenial friend shares with me in tasting its brimming delight.

Very faithfully yours,

GEOFFREY CHRIGHDON.

Mrs. James Gilderson.

IX.

5 The Crescent, March 25th, 18**.

MY DEAR MR. CHRIGHDON,—What an age it seems—six months, at least—since my outbreak of epistolary hysterics over that silly scribbler's drivel. Your Time-cure is effectual. The incident was forgotten by others before I had fairly begun to test the treatment—"absent treatment," or "painless extraction," perhaps in combination—whatever the process, it is not unpleasant and the result is eminently satisfactory. You would think so, too, if you could see me as I am, and not as my foolish letter may have pictured me—balls, opera, theatre, and the rest of indoor and outdoor winter gaieties, a perfect *whirl*. Even my modest attempts at a quiet weekly "at home" have attracted the notice of our pencil-pushing friends and are duly chronicled among "Society's Doings"—"brilliant bedazzling of beauty and brain" one alliterative artist characterized what he was also pleased to style my "rehabilitation of the Salon." Oh, I'm doing famously—I have "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," and a generous husband who humors even my whims. What more should one ask? What I intended at the beginning, however, was to heartily congratulate you upon your splendid good luck—unexpected, I judge—of which I had not heard. I should, of course, commiserate you in the loneliness of your rambles did I and you not know how many charming mates wait

only your word to share your good fortune and better companionship on your present voyaging, and the further journeying beyond. My husband speaks sometimes of "doing the grand tour," and I, too, confess to a long-cherished hope of wide travel under ideal conditions. But, heigh-ho! business ties and social claims are very binding, and the dream is still a dream.

I hope that the end of your jaunt is in sight and that you soon turn homewards to redeem your quasi-promise to fit that missing link in friendship's chain. Should this be too long delayed, I shall come to think that you fear to see ghosts at our hearth-stone and seek excuse to cover retreat. For your comfort let me say that memories do not feed the flame of our up-to-date asbestos gas-logs—turn the key and the supply of fuel is checked, *and there are no ashes.*

Very sincerely yours,

ALICIA GILDERSON.

Mr. Geoffrey Chrighdon.

X.

April 10th, 18**.

MY DEAR MRS. GILDERSON,—Your note of the 25th last has just reached me, and I hasten to congratulate *you* upon the complete success attendant on your efforts to achieve deserved social triumphs—and to forget.

How truly modern, these dust-proof, polished hearth-stones surely are, and how I envy your possession of such convenient facilities for regulating the fuel by simply turning a key!

I regret, however, that any lingering hope of basking in the warmth of your welcoming fireplace so delightfully swept and garnished must be finally put away,

inasmuch as I now realize that the large interests of my late uncle in this industrial centre will necessitate my taking up permanent residence out here, where, indeed, I am already established in active supervision.

With all good wishes for your continued happiness and compelling sway, believe me,

Dear Mrs. Gilderson,

Very faithfully yours,

GEOFFREY CHRIGHDON.

Mrs. James Gilderson.

XI.

5 The Crescent, June 5th, 18**.

MY DEAR MR. CHRIGHDON,—Is it the reaction from the excitement of an unusually gay season, the premonitory signs of summer heat-waves, or must I compliment you by including among the contributory causes the studied phrasing of your last letter? I'm not ill, neither am I wholly well. I've seemingly everything heart can desire, yet, alack! I feel a lack. I had counted on having you with us to celebrate quietly *en famille* the first anniversary of our wedding, and now you show me that the ties attaching you here are finally severed!

Of course, I'm heartily glad that Fate has dealt so kindly with you, but am also a little piqued at the evident complacency with which you regard the situation. I suppose those "large interests" will sometimes necessitate your presence elsewhere? They might, indeed, impel you in this direction, and it would be only civil to look us up—we'll let pass the omission to say you might be pleased to do so. There! there!—such a pother about a trifle! Looks a little bitter, too, doesn't it? But you know woman always wants most that which she is flatly

denied. And, then, you deserve proper rebuke—you know you do—for effecting such craven retreat in face of so palpable an opening. I looked to a continuance of our friendship as possible and pleasant,—not to be so lightly contemned. Indeed, having read your letter again at this point, I'm surprised that I do not, in diplomatic phrase, "consider the incident closed." Feminine perversity, no doubt, impels me instead to beg frank disclosure of what you plainly hold back, so that I may read between the lines.

Very sincerely yours,

ALICIA GILDERSON.

Mr. Geoffrey Chrighdon.

XII.

July, 18**.

MY DEAR MRS. GILDERSON,—Your letter should have had earlier answer, and my belated congratulations upon your wedding anniversary may now appear untimely, but you may believe them, nevertheless, sincere, and gather from what I shall try, as calmly as possible, to say some extenuation for the delay in making the attempt. If I offend in being too frank I can only plead your own implied wish that the "disclosure" you urge should be wholly unreserved, and accept it as a command to break a self-imposed silence.

It was not needful that you should remind me of the "old days," days when we were merely frank comrades, and later days when we had grown to be assured friends—it was "Alicia" and "Geoffrey" then, you'll remember—for they are part of me and cannot be erased from memory. I, too, can recall the charmingly unconstrained way in which we revelled together in the delights of opera and play, discussed pictures, books and

music, exchanged opinions on old philosophies and current events, or merely indulged in "wit combats" of playful badinage. Indeed, no; rather do I live again in the dear "old days" when we drifted along so pleasantly without a thought of the rough water beyond. I could see *your* heart-whole content still to drift, but I feared to face the rude awakening when Love should claim his pilot right. I shut my eyes to his signals, but he would not be denied and clamored to be taken in. I paltered and compromised for a stowaway passage. He became turbulent and insistent. I saw a happy haven ahead for you. I *ran away*, and took the disturber with me! Rather fancifully put, perhaps, but you see you shot better than you aimed when you launched your shaft of "cowardly retreat," unthinking of its swift and sure flight to the centre. By what right, I argued, had I, a poor engineer with little pay and only a large love, to be "philandering" longer when, mayhap, better men with ampler store and a greater love were waiting to lay all at your feet? Honor impelled me to quit a field I might not fairly contest, and I "retreated," bearing off only my love and my memories. The ideal I had imagined for you seemed to be realized in your brilliant marriage, and I'm heartily glad you've found it so eminently satisfying, but this confession will show you the futility of thinking there can be any question of "friendship" between us—I have got beyond that, and *your love* is *your husband's*.

I put away all dreams of what "might have been" had fortune only smiled a little sooner, and you will see how unthinkable is your suggestion that I should wed when I tell you that the only woman I ever did, do now, can, or will love is yourself, and you are another man's wife!

There only remains for me to make the final renuncia-

tion of the bitter-sweet communion of the pen with what "complacency" I may.

Faithfully yours,

GEOFFREY CHRIGHDON.

Mrs. James Gilderson.

XIII.

MY DEAR—, I stumble at the address—noun wanting—what of one more or less when I want *words?*—'tis well so, let it stand! Excuse pencil and dashes—I've been very ill—your letter—typhoid—absolute rest enjoined—insist on writing—indulgent nurse—friendly hand will post. If only strength to finish—after that nothing matters. Poor, foolish Geoffrey, so blind!—Poor me!—My husband—God pity us all!—I can't think—my head—faint—good-bye!

ALICIA.

XIV.

DEAR ALICIA,—For such you surely are, tho', alas! not mine. And yet—no, I dare not think it. If 'twere so, what terrible mistake has been made! Write! write, I beg, and let there be no misunderstanding now! Say you are better—recovering, not dying. You *must* live—I *will* it! And the truth—exact and plain—let us face it! The broken music of your swan-song is torture. Give me the key to transpose discord into harmony. Is it true? Was I so blind a fool? "No matter!"—rather say *everything* "matters"; only to the fearful knowledge comes too late. We must *know* before we can readjust; therefore write, and quickly, and stay this gnawing hunger!

GEOFFREY.

XV.

5 The Crescent, November, 18**.

MY DEAR GEOFFREY,—Tearful joy—happy sorrow—sweet pain—glad shame—what strange mingling soever there be—there's no uncertainty. The truth I sought to hide will not down—I see it—I admit it—why not say it? Yes, you are indeed “my dear Geoffrey,” by your own confession and my love's warrant. And cold convention will say we sin even in thinking so! How the demons who set us playing at cross purposes must have laughed when that same cruel convention kept back the word you might have spoken and tied my tongue! You wore your mask so gaily, too, and I, alas! surely “dissembled well.” My poor disguise hid even from you the thinly veiled truth I feared to own, yet hoped you might see. A brave show of defence only masking intention of glad surrender—and you “retreated”! Yet the fealty I swore to another was honestly vowed and loyally yielded. Why brood among shadows when here were Love's enduring verities? Yes, my marriage *was* “honorable,” and I meant to keep it so, though I soon found that what to woman is a *consummation* is to man only an incident. I felt abased before the unimagined revealings of the elemental nature of the tie. My kind husband proved just a good average man of clean instincts, but my soul's ideal was shrined above any level of “averages.” I submitted to the inevitable common lot of woman wedded, and seized what diversion lay to hand. My husband's large affairs took his best thought, and the duties of my position demanded attentive care—“unequally yoked” we jogged the uneven conjugal path. The last remaining ground where wedded lives meet in closest touch seemed only to echo our unhallowed approach—an embrace was profanation

and a kiss betrayal. I hid my feelings under a mask of gaiety; my husband—"good, easy man"—thought all was well; and the world acclaimed a model union. I recalled the "old days," and hungered for past confidences, yet even in my tentative advances there was no disloyal thought. I wanted a *friend*, not a lover—I was disillusionized of all that is commonly understood in such illicit relation—and saw nothing incompatible with wifely duty in longing—yes, unseemly *begging*—for a renewal of the frank *camaraderie* of the "old days." Then came the catastrophe of mutual discovery and avowal! A few short acts and the curtain falls on the *dénouement* of a tragedy! What now to do? This agony is killing me;—it nearly did, and surely will unless relief shall come. "Readjustment," I think was your word. In Love's name find the way to it, and do with me as you will. I cannot further brazen this living sin, and dare not longer nurse this living lie. Shall I come to you? Say but the word and I'm ready to dare all. What God has joined let not man keep longer asunder! And I *want you*, oh! I WANT YOU, now, dear love! There shall be no dishonor in *our* embraces! Must I again beg? Then, *take me!*—TAKE ME!—for I am *yours!* YOURS! YOURS!!!

ALICIA.

XVI.

December, 18**.

DEAR LOVE,—Two little words, yet a world of delight in their sweet assurance! All my world, indeed,—matin and evensong, Creed and Decalogue,—I con them alway, and attune them to a new note with every breath! Your letter came like the morning breeze fanning to a blaze the banked fires of the smouldering turf and brush of a

forest clearing. Oh, for the realization of the ravishing dream of your passionate words! To hold you in my arms and feel the clinging caress of your own about me—to know the ecstasy of two souls meeting on trembling lips and merging in one long kiss—to feel the new-creative rapture when twain bodies become one flesh—to prove the parent joy offspringing from the working of that eternal law—to achieve the ideal that Life is Love, and Love is God—ah, that were Heaven, here and now, if 'twere not a dream, or at best but a vision of the hereafter! Do you start?—Nay, dear heart, at least, do not doubt. Can you bear it? Can *we*?—for it must be said and faced if we are to “readjust” ourselves to new conditions. Even in the great love which has come upon us, there are yet considerations of Honor and Duty that may not be disregarded, cost what it may of sacrifice and pain. Were I to take you at your dear, impulsive word I should deservedly be branded with blacker than Tarquin infamy. Think what shame for you when in the calmer moments of cooling passion you saw the finger of scorn pointed at you as one forsworn and outcast! Would not your great love then justly turn to a greater hate and loathing of me whose strength should have protected a weaker even against herself? We have laid bare to one another the deeps of passion so surface-calm to outward appearing. With the knowledge that a touch, a breath, may wake a sleeping tempest, does it not, dear one, seem right that we should forbear to rouse the storm-demon even by a look? Ah, dear love, do not think it an easy thing for me to say, or to contemplate this final severance! I would “hold thee as a thing enskied and sainted” in my soul’s holiest recesses, but my impulses drive me to you with whirlwind force. Help me, then, in this flesh-subduing task of shrining Love in Passion’s emptied niche—transfiguring an idol

into a god. If our earthy bodies must never feel the electric thrill of contact, may we not here begin to know the fuller joy of telepathic soul-communion, till satisfaction shall be made complete in the oneness of a long eternity? Human law demands the inviolability of the marriage tie, but a higher law overrules. We cannot evade its enmeshing reach, but we must submit where man's writ runs. If duty still constrains to keep the wifely vow, yet are you "undefiled." If honor impels to yield you to another's arms, it leaves me yet your love. Is this too hard a thing for you to bear, dear heart,—too harsh a repulse of your proffered gift? Think, then, of what it means to me to make the great refusal a great love demands, and let us try as best we can to grope our stumbling way over the intervening years till ending Time shall join converging, stony paths in Love's long, enblossomed highway.

Believe me, dear Love, ever yours,

GEOFFREY.

XVII.

5 The Crescent, May, 18**.

MY OWN DEAR LOVE,—You will, no doubt, have wondered at my long silence, but I've again been very ill, and only now feel strong enough even to make the attempt to write, so, dear, you must overlook all shortcomings. I pondered over your loving appeal, and the contemplation of the lofty ideal you so nobly presented seemed for a time to cool the feverous riot in my blood. My reason admitted the unanswerable force of your logic, but my heart failed to reach the elevated plane of your philosophy. The path of Duty seemed plainly marked, but Desire would drive me the other way. I

wanted to do right, but I wanted *you* with unutterable longing. My brain seemed giving way,—at last my body did, and I was laid low. Of course I had every care that my husband's purse could command, and he himself, they told me, was unremitting in his solicitous attention as I lay in my long unconscious state. I can from my delirium recall dim recollection of my disembodied second self one day being projected by some strange psychic influence over the distance separating us, and I stood by you, touched you, and moved with you about your accustomed surroundings which, had I the strength, I feel I could accurately describe as I am sure they are. You almost seemed conscious of my presence, and were, indeed, about to seize me in your appealing arms. Then everything seemed to fade away, and I awoke to the recognition of attendants standing by and assuring me I was "better." Better!—well, dear, I was at least spared the further conflict between Duty and Desire upon the question of conjugal relations, for I have an assured presentiment that I shall never leave my invalid bed. Moreover, I take the revelation of my vision—or whatever it was—as a premonition of disaster should any attempt be made to realize the illusion of our passionate dream. It may be that in my bodily weakness my soul's outlook is more clear and unobstructed, and while I cannot even now bring myself to accept the terrible decree of final earthly severance, I have at least ceased to struggle against it, believing at last that our course is being ordered by a Power greater than our misdirected wills, to which we must inevitably bow. I have made a supreme effort, at, I know, a heavy cost to my few remaining hours, to write you this my last testament, for I am dying, dearest, dying. Having lost you I cannot wish to know it otherwise, and I willingly

go in the sure hope that the burdened sowing we have cast in pain upon the tear-hid, germinating earth shall from transforming darkness spring reborn and grow to ripened fulness in Heaven's fructifying light, and there I wait to reap the harvest with you. Good-bye! dear, dear Love, good-bye!

Your own

ALICIA.

XVIII.

June, 18**.

DEAR HEART'S DESIRE,—Build cold sacrificial altars as we may, lave them with oceans of philosophy as we will, the fire descends and all is consumed. In zealot blindness I thought my work secure, when your letter—accounting for my own strange consciousness of an unseen visitant—came as a torch to set all ablaze. “Hang philosophy!”—*I’ll* none of it either. Let us play the fool no longer! Seize the nearest good! Eat, drink, *love*, for *to-morrow* we die! *To-day* is yet ours, and you *shall* live to enjoy it! I *will* it again! I was wrong—worse, a *fool*—and you were right! But, right or wrong, I’ll have *my own*. If you do not come I’ll go and take it, despite law of man or God. Throw ideals to the pale sisterhoods! ’Tis *you*, the flesh and blood *woman* I want! The *man* in *me* is awake. Even if it be only the alleged animal dormant in our nature, he runs amuck and will not be denied. I cannot live longer thus—cannot even concentrate thought on important affairs in this unrest. Therefore, *come!*—or say the word which shall bring to you

Your own

GEOFFREY.

XIX.

DIED.

GILDERSON—In this city, on the 30th of June, at No. 5 The Crescent, Alicia Winscombe, beloved wife of James Gilderson, aged 32 years.

Funeral private. Kindly omit flowers.

XX.

EMINENT BANKER'S SAD BEREAVEMENT.

Sudden Death of Mrs. Gilderson.

The many friends of Mr. James Gilderson will sympathize with him in the heavy loss that has come upon him in the death of his wife, *née* Alicia Winscombe, whose marriage, seemingly promising of long happiness, we chronicled but two short years ago. The circumstances are rendered peculiarly sad from the fact that Mrs. Gilderson—of *spirituelle* rather than robust temperament—was convalescing from a tedious illness of many months' duration, and succumbed to a sudden attack of heart failure, which occurred on the second anniversary of her wedding. We entirely discredit the malicious whisperings—which, nevertheless, are current—that the esteemed lady's illness was in any way due to the distressingly importunate attentions of a once favored suitor. Her character was beyond reproach, and the charmingly harmonious relations prevailing between a happily mated pair give the lie to any ill-conceived questionings. She left no family, and we understand that the benevolent and charitable institutions of the city will benefit through bequests made to them from the comfortable fortune settled upon her at marriage.—*Evening Chronicle*.

XXI.

5 The Crescent, July, 18**.

SIR,—Even to write to such a loathsome thing as you brings the shudder of a defiling touch. Repugnant as it is, I tell you that I found the enclosed letter crushed in my dead wife's fingers when I went to greet her on the morning of our wedding anniversary. If your black soul has still one spark of conscience burning you will, as I do, charge it with the solemn responsibility, for I believe the awful shock of reading such damnable words was the immediate cause of her death. It may be that the accompanying packet, sealed, and addressed to you in my wife's handwriting, contains the infamous story of your devilish temptation. I have no wish to uncover its shame, but, in fulfilment of her implied wish, I throw upon you its unknown, dark burden. The legacy of my dear, dead wife's unspotted name is my holiest charge. You may, therefore, take comfort and safety in knowing that the only "satisfaction" I shall take in obliterating your fiendish memory is the hope you may never sink so low that remorse shall not find and ever follow you with its serpent sting.

JAMES GILDERSON.

Geoffrey Chrighdon.

XXII.

(Copy.)

August, 18**.

SIR,—I do not oppose any argument to your bitter invective, neither do I attempt to excuse or explain my impetuous words, for without the key you would not understand. Others may, when we are but memories in their loving keeping, and the packet you send shall be

their guide. If I were responsible for the shocking catastrophe I should merit even deeper execration. A terrible mistake has been made, and you but share in the threefold resulting suffering—the responsibility we dare not try to fix. It may be a hard thing for you to believe, but *you* are the interloper who has come between my own and me. The dear bodily form you took to your arms and called wife was but lent you for the transient delight of a fleeting day, but *she* was and is ever *mine*, and the day—be it near or far—when we come to our own, none shall question our right.

Yours,

GEOFFREY CHRIGHDON.

James Gilderson, Esq.

XXIII.

DIED.

GILDERSON—Suddenly, in this city, on November the 5th, James Gilderson, Banker, aged 56 years.

Funeral will take place from his late residence, 5 The Crescent, on Friday, the 8th inst., at 3 p.m. Friends will please accept this invitation to attend.

XXIV.

SHOCKINGLY SUDDEN SUMMONS!!!

DEATH OF PROMINENT CITIZEN!!

Mr. James Gilderson Thrown from his Horse and Instantly Killed!

The whole city is once again called upon to deplore the inexplicably sudden appearance among us of the Dread Reaper and the swift removal of Mr. James Gilderson leaves a gap in the wide circle of personal friends and

business acquaintances that cannot easily be filled. It is but a few weeks ago that we chronicled the death of Mr. Gilderson's young wife under the peculiarly distressing circumstances we then noted. Notwithstanding the foundationless character of certain whisperings—to which we gave emphatic denial—these, together with the loss of the dearly loved wife with whose fair name these meddlers had been so unwarrantably busy, had preyed upon the husband's mind so that his health was endangered. He was advised to take to horseback riding as a palliative diversion, and it was while so engaged that he met his sudden death. It is surmised that the horse, a spirited animal, took fright at a piece of flying paper some careless luncher had left near the bridle-path in the Park and that his rider was thrown with sudden violence against a tree, where he was found by some passers-by quite dead, with his horse standing by the body. As announced, the funeral will take place to-morrow, and in expression of grief for the city's great loss and the sorrowful manner of its happening the attendance is sure to be large and sympathetic.

The late Mr. Gilderson, like his departed wife, had no immediate relatives living, and it is an open secret that his large heart had been busy with plans for the disposal of his wealth whereby the needy of the place where the money was made should benefit by it in some practical way. We risk the charge of untimeliness in disclosing early and authoritative intimation of the shape these plans will take. Speaking generally, and awaiting only confirming details of the will, we understand that after providing liberally for existing charities, the remainder of the deceased gentleman's fortune is bequeathed to certain named trustees to found and endow a Woman's Hospital in memory of the testator's deceased wife. In first making this public we take occasion to congratulate

a community—even while they deplore the loss of the living personality—that one has lived among us who had not only the means but the desire to do such noble deeds, and who “being dead yet speaketh,” pleading with others to emulate his splendid example.—*Evening Chronicle*.

(1)

DIED.

CHRIGHDON.—In this city, on June the 30th, 190*, Geoffrey Chrighdon, aged 53 years.

Funeral service will be held in St. Clement's Church on Friday, the 2nd inst., at 4.30 p.m., after which the cortège will proceed to the Union Station, whence the body will be taken by the 6.30 Y., Q. & V. train for interment at the former home of the deceased.

Exchanges please copy.

(2)

BROUGHT HOME FOR BURIAL.

Some of our older readers may recall Mr. Geoffrey Chrighdon, who as a young man was prominent in the best social life of our city some twenty years ago. He inherited large wealth from a relative in distant parts, and greatly added to it by the careful management of those interests in which it was invested when he went away years ago to assume them. Large affairs bring their cares with them, and though of strong physique in youth Mr. Chrighdon aged rapidly in later years.

His death took place a few days ago, and his body, by his own direction, was brought here for interment in a beautiful spot he had acquired in the Cemetery near the Gilderson mausoleum. He never married, and his considerable fortune, after providing liberally for his work-people and business managers, is divided among relatives and the public institutions of his adopted city, with the exception of a personal bequest and certain trust funds left to an old friend. This gentleman accompanied the body of his friend from his late home and saw it quietly interred yesterday in its last resting place.—*Morning Transcript*.

(3)

PHILANTHROPY AND ROMANCE.

LARGE BEQUEST FROM UNKNOWN DONOR.

Woman's Hospital the Fortunate Beneficiary.

No institution in our city is doing a nobler work than the Woman's Hospital, founded some twenty years ago by the munificent bequest of James Gilderson in memory of his predeceased wife. What was then thought an ample endowment is to-day, however, inadequate to meet the urgent demands of the continually increasing number of patients seeking admission, and the trustees have for some time felt the lack of means to efficiently carry out the original benefactor's plans as time has enlarged their scope. Most opportunely, therefore, do we make the gratifying announcement that there has come to the Board of Governors a large sum—running, it is said, into six figures—through an eminent legal firm acting for the unnamed executors of an un-

known testator! The money is placed unconditionally in the hands of the management for use at their discretion in extending the work and increasing the usefulness of this worthy charity. We understand the identity of the unknown benefactor has been so closely veiled that the trustees have given up all thought of trying to discover it. They decide, therefore, to loyally respect the testator's wish in the matter, and in deep gratitude will set about perfecting plans to carry out the intent of his bequest.—*Evening Chronicle*.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

It has merely been thought necessary to supplement the author's own numbered chronicle with the three clippings from papers printed since his death, and it does not appear needful to change the character of the record or to add thereto any word of comment. The discerning reader will amplify and expand to his liking, but he is reminded that he is dealing with events of a long-forgotten past, and that the clues by which he might seek to identify the actors in this sad drama of passion are buried with them.

After Many Days.

It was the Twelfth of July, day of glorious past memory and present inquietude, and the old town was having, colloquially speaking, as hot a time as the contending forces are said, in story and song, to have had by the shores of Boyne water long ago.

In the office of *The Courier* things, from the Chief to the ticker, were actually humming under stress of hurrying events which were making history and bringing grist to the journalistic mill. The notes of the Chief's hum took on a decidedly bass tone, not to say growl, and the impatient staccato of the ticker emphasized the public clamor for news which the subordinate parts of the human machinery and the clanking presses of the great paper echoed in unison, and the burden of it all was—*hustle!*

We had indeed need to hurry to catch up with the moving events which dealt with safety of armies, destruction of fleets and the fate of nations, all crowded into a few swift weeks, and each following so rapidly on the other that news became stale almost before the wires which brought the first were cleared for the second item.

The live reporter—and *The Courier* has little use for any other—was having his innings. Space allowance was generous, and the blue pencil sparing of exercise in face of the continuous call for extras. I had shown some of the quality dear to the Chief's heart on one or two occasions, and had been specially detailed by him to follow the movements of the two distinguished Spanish gentlemen who had suddenly felt called upon to leave Washington and seek a cooler residence in Montreal, though neither the thermometer nor the culmination of

circumstances on this particular day would seem to justify their choice of asylum.

It is not necessary to retrace my steps over the trail made by these erratic wayfarers—are they not written in the chronicles of *The Courier* file of 1898, stored away with many, many more, dust-covered and century-old?—suffice it to say that diplomatic correspondence resulting from the publication of the Carranza letter had culminated in a semi-official intimation from the Canadian Government to the Spaniards' lawyer that the departure of Senor Du Bosc and Lieut. Carranza would add to the Government's pleasure and his clients' comfort. The war was practically decided and over; the heat was awful; the clamor for extras easing off; I was tired; a long-deferred run up the Saguenay looked particularly inviting; and as I stretched my coatless arms and mopped my dripping face I wondered how the Chief would take a suggestion for four days off if I proffered it now, when a messenger boy flung himself into my den and his message on my desk, which read:

“DEAR AHERN,—Du Bosc and Carranza are booked by S.S. *Ottoman*. It is understood they go on board to-night and sail at daylight, and we will know if they do. Take the Quebec boat at seven; meet the steamer on arrival; assure yourself that they leave that port on their ocean voyage, and wire us a column story. Yours,
“HAMILTON.”

I was sick of the Spanish name and belongings, and I said in my haste much that I will not repeat in my writing leisure. But orders are orders in a newspaper office, as elsewhere, and I prepared to obey in the short time allowed. I glanced at the accompanying draft on the cashier and was surprised at the liberal allowance given

me for expenses on such a flying trip, when my eye caught the following lines I had overlooked in my unseemly haste:

"P.S.—Accuracy of information rather than parsimony. Don't skimp in time or expense. If you get through satisfactorily and quickly you might catch the Saguenay boat on Friday and bring us back something interesting on Monday morning. "H."

Dear old boy! Of course I saw through the transparent excuse to afford me the little outing he knew would brace me up after my long and tedious assignment, but I made up my mind I would give him a new Saguenay-trip story if I had to invent one, and was rushing off to tell him so when I ran plump into my friend, Sidney Pangborn, whom I had last seen, in working togs, high up among the spider-web girders of the Victoria Bridge, whose reconstruction he was superintending as engineer in charge.

The unexpected visit and natty straw hat and tweeds were readily accounted for in the hurriedly given explanations: sudden stoppage of certain supplies—work well advanced and plain sailing for a few days—Saguenay trip just fitting in—wouldn't I drop things and come along—back for work Monday morning?

Would an editor decline good copy tendered gratis? And didn't I thank my lucky star for the fortunate chance of such congenial company? And would the company rest itself for a moment while I said my delayed word of farewell and thanks to my providence in the Chief's sanctum? It would, of course, and also allow sufficient time to pack a bag, secure staterooms and buy tickets, as incidentally useful accompaniments.

We boarded the steamer at the Richelieu pier in time

to study the moving scene and the tanned faces of the through passengers being transferred from the three almost simultaneously arriving boats of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence routes, and were off and gliding smoothly down the swift current before the sun was lost behind the looming bulk of old Mount Royal. History flashed by and receded as the Present steamed past domain and côte bearing names once writ large as their owners made its scroll: Longueuil, La Valtrie, Verchères, Varennes, Contrecoeur, Sorel, Berthier, and others of the camp and court; Laval and Richelieu, of the cult which dominated both; Champlain and Drummond, of the long line of viceroys who upheld their masters' sway at the council board; Montcalm and Wolfe, who fought for the supremacy of theirs, and won and lost an empire on the field. Thought travelled swiftly over the years since Cartier first beat slowly up the highway we were now speeding down, taking possession of the Red Man's heritage for a royal master whose sons weakly let it slip into the eager hands of a stronger power able and willing to develop it and train its old retainers in newer and better ways, even yet not fully understood by a people whose aspirations for liberty under constitutional government are biased by the enervating shadow of paternalism or thwarted by the chill clutch of the centuries-old dead hand. A complex problem and a long story, that of the evolution of the old French stronghold of the Province of Quebec into a contented unit of a homogeneous Confederation. Possibly the dream of a "French Republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence" still lingers in some hearts unheeding of the irresistible teaching of a *fait accompli*; doubtless a few nurse dark thoughts of a *révanche* which shall one day overwhelm unloved compatriots who, if not utterly indifferent, are wholly uncomprehending of such unpractical musings.

They are even content to watch petty clerkships in the Civil Service being seized by the conspirators while pursuing more remunerative ways as captains of industry, but make the mistake of leaving the leadership of voters to those who will use the power to their rivals' hurt.

"Speaking of Indians," here broke in my companion, though as a matter of fact we had not mentioned them, "that reminds me—"

"Good story, no doubt, and I'll take it for copy when I get these Spaniards off my hands. Try the Cubans in the meantime," and I passed him my cigar case, "then we'll turn in."

We were up early next morning to enjoy the ever-new run in to Quebec between the high banks on either side where contending armies camped and watched each other a century and a half ago. Passing the lumber coves and the bluff where one climbed to the other's undoing, noting the spot marking the fate of the leader of a third when he attempted to dislodge the victor from the heights his prowess had won, and making a final sweep by the Levis shore across the harbor to our landing under the citadel of Quebec.

Hurrying through the vociferous, gesticulating, jostling throng of waiting "carters," we hailed a *calèche*, whose stout nag and stimulating—Sid thought stimulated—driver soon landed us in the quaint courtyard of the Château Frontenac, of commanding outlook, commodious appointment and corresponding charge.

We had seated ourselves at one of the small tables by the bay window which overlooks the broad expanse of river gemmed by the Isle of Orleans and framed by the Laurentian Hills on the north and the highlands to the south, and were proceeding to scrutinize the breakfast *menu*, when we noticed a distinguished looking man being ushered to a seat at a table adjoining our own.

There was nothing obtrusive in his conventional attire, which was that of an ordinary summer tourist, but his easy bearing, commanding presence, bronzed full face, grey hair, moustache and imperial, and the clear eyes which nonchalantly observe and take in everything would attract attention in any assembly. He glanced swiftly in my direction in passing and was soon engaged in making his selection from the items on the *menu*, which he did with quiet deliberation, then unfolded the morning paper and was apparently at once absorbed in the news. Though I feared the eyes were reading my thoughts through the back of my head, and fancied the ears might also allow nothing to escape, I couldn't resist remarking to Sid in a half-voice, with a faintly indicating backward nod:

"Proper figure of a man, that!"

"Noticeably so."

"American, of course."

"Southern, too, I judge."

"Military, you observe."

"Business or pleasure?"

"Neither—or rather, both."

"As how?"

"U. S. Secret Service."

"Nonsense!"

"Prove it to you later—ah! here's breakfast."

This we made a prompt beginning upon and proceeded to leisurely finish. Leaving our neighbor apparently oblivious to all about him save his newspaper, rolls and coffee, we sauntered out on the terrace to enjoy our cigars in the glorious river breeze and make plans for the day which intervened before I could attack the commission with which I was charged.

"Curious guess, that of yours about our military friend yonder," remarked Sid, as we walked along.

"Lucky intuition, anyway, as it assures me our birds are safely caged for the present."

"Explain, dear boy."

"Didn't you see him strolling about the boat and standing on the wharf as we moved off last night?"

"Impossible, when he's finishing his breakfast in the Château Frontenac, Quebec, at this moment!"

"You forget there are late trains—"

"Go on! guess again and tell me."

"I now see clearly that our friend whom I observed sauntering up and down the pier and took to be merely someone seeing friends off, had other departures in mind—none other than the same unwelcome guests to whom I am now charged to bid adieu. He satisfied himself they did not leave surreptitiously by our boat for some unknown destination; then, no doubt, saw them aboard the *Ottoman* and safe abed for the night before he took the midnight train, which set him down in time to join us at breakfast. He will meet the ship this evening, as I shall do; and, if there is no delay, and our charges are still aboard, we shall have the pleasure of waving farewell as the ship swings out into the stream at daylight to-morrow morning, and wiring a simultaneous story to our respective Chiefs immediately thereafter. You will by that time have waked up and got aboard the *Saguenay*, where I shall meet you in time for breakfast, and our friend will probably have taken the morning train for Washington *via* Montreal. Thus you see how in the journalistic school apt pupils learn that four can be made by adding two and two together."

We discussed plans for the day and carried them out in ordinary tourist fashion: sifted the few good pictures from among the mass of commonplace in the Laval gallery, the Basilica, and the chapel of Notre Dame des Victoires; paid homage to the stores of garnered relics

of saints in all three places—Sid irreverently remarking that Quebec was undoubtedly “‘long’ on ‘bones’”; strolled through the legislative halls, where the stirring affairs of a living present elbow the shades of a dead past into their neglected limbo; enjoyed the unparalleled view from the King’s Bastion of the Citadel, where the symbol of world-wide Empire floats over all and flings its challenge to the northern breeze; followed the charming drive up the St. Charles valley and back along the heights where armies met and mighty heroes fell; and finally brought up at our castellated inn just as the funnels of the *Ottoman* were seen coming down the long reach by the coves, each spar and rope and bit of burnished metal lit with the golden glint of the fast sinking sun.

I swallowed a hasty snack at the lunch counter, enjoining Sid to make himself comfortable and carry out the programme of meeting me at breakfast on the *Saguenay* if I did not turn up sooner, and hurried down to the wharf, only to find our military friend there before me, quietly smoking and indifferently watching the proceedings as a casual spectator. I do not intend to retell here the column story I wired to *The Courier* ten hours later, and will only say that not for one moment of the time did I lose the trail of the Spaniards, either on board the ship or ashore on the various calls they made, till I saw them safe in their staterooms for the night and the ship finally start on her seven days’ voyage, and always in sight, at a discreet distance, the imperturbable Unknown, looking as if his sole business was the enjoyment of his fragrant cigar.

I wrote up my story, filed it with the telegraph operator, and got down to the *Saguenay* boat in time to meet Sid coming aboard with our combined belongings, feeling little the worse for my all-night vigil, but greatly in

need of the long-delayed meal, which we were both soon enjoying while the boat swept by the wooded shores of the Isle of Orleans. Imagine my surprise, not to say consternation, when, as I was about to attack a nicely cooked chop, in walked what I had now come to regard as my shadow, and took a seat at our table opposite to me, cool, unnoticing, and indifferent to all but the excellent breakfast, for which he had evidently as appreciative an appetite as I myself had. Though knowing well that the pleasures of the trip were open to the purse of any travelling gentleman so inclined, I was beginning to feel uneasy under this Shadow of the Unknown, and soon sought the bracing salt air on deck and the consolations of a cigar and my friend Sid. We had just taken chairs in a cosy corner of the deck when the stranger walked up, drew another alongside ours and, smiling affably, said:

"Mr. Ahern, I believe?"

"Jack Ahern, of *The Courier*, at your service, Colonel."

He started slightly at this chance shot, but recovering quickly smiled back:

"Ah! the acquaintance is mutual?"

"No, merely drew a venturesome journalistic bow," I returned; and ignoring the stranger's reservation of his identity, added: "but let me introduce my friend, Sidney Pangborn, the chief reliance and stay of the engineering staff of our great railway."

The stranger bowed gravely, and turning to me said, seriously:

"Mr. Ahern, I have to thank you for more than you know. Your journalistic scent has unerringly led you on a long trail, and I have, all unknown to you, merely had to follow your lead on many a twist and turn of it to my own advantage and my superiors' complete satis-

faction respecting the little matter we have both got off our hands. Let us, if you please, dismiss all further thought of it and give ourselves up to the enjoyment of this, the most pleasant jaunt your charming country affords."

It was just in this care-free spirit that we had ourselves planned to enjoy our own little outing, and as the day wore on we congratulated ourselves on having fallen in with such a companionable "chance acquaintance," whose knowledge of the country surprised us in a stranger, and whose knowledge of and discourse upon the wider world of men, books and affairs were a continual charm. He had never been over the route, but had retraced "Their Wedding Journey" with the author, whom he knew well; and as we passed in succession Murray Bay and Rivière du Loup, and drew within sight of the mounds of Tadousac, he told us of snowshoe hunting tramps in winter and trouting excursions in the summer woods in company with the versatile author of the thrilling Saguenay tale of the "Doom of Mamelons," based on a legend attaching to these very sand-dunes.

We passed up-river in the night, wandered together ashore amid the quaint surroundings of the various points of call higher up the following glorious morning, and sat together on deck all day silently appreciative of the unsurpassed grandeur and weird beauty of the eternal hills cut by the gorge of the bottomless black river churning into amber froth under our thrashing paddles, which stopped their beat for a few thrilling moments as we swung round the bay formed by Capes Trinity and Eternity, towering a quarter of a mile sheer above us, and hurtling back in numberless echoes the shrill scream of the steamer's whistle breaking the slumber of these awful solitudes.

"Speaking of Indians," remarked the irrepressible

Sid, apropos of nothing at all save the dim associations connected with the locality we had whirled through at high tension, now relaxing as we swept out into the open sea from the river's yawning mouth, "that reminds me—"

"Reminds me, too. Let's have the story now. I'll print it, as I said, if there's readable copy in it. Go ahead!"

"Well, in extenuation of an apparent leaning towards Indians, let me say that while my white descent is, I fancy, unquestioned, and I have no recollection, or subsequent information, of being born in an Indian camp, I certainly was foster-nursed, so to speak, on the site of the oldest settlement of the aboriginal owners of this country known to history by actual report of a visiting European. You know Jacques Cartier's account of his visit to the circular walled town of Hochelaga nestling under the shadow of Mount Royal, and the plans and drawings he made of it in 1535. You know of its subsequent disappearance and entire obliteration in the intervening time before the next coming of French explorers, and the uncertainty of its exact site, and even doubt of its existence, until the discoveries of remains by Montreal antiquarians a few years ago decided the fact, and approximately the site, of old Hochelaga being somewhere within the city blocks bounded by Peel, Sherbrooke, Union Avenue and St. Catherine Streets?"

"Yes, I know. I was one of the small boys who stood watching and wondering what the big-wigs wanted to do with the bits of broken crockery they were picking up so carefully as the workmen threw them up in shovel-fuls," said I. "Get on with your story."

"You remember Professor Murchison, who resigned from McGill's staff recently, don't you, Jack?"

"Fine man,—forgotten more than half the others ever knew."

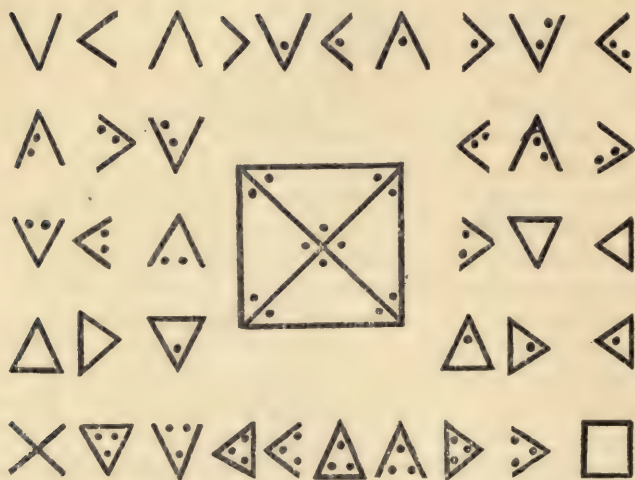
"His field was more particularly in Arts, and my special studies were then going on in the new Science Departments, so that our college lives touched but slightly. Nevertheless, for some reason, he had taken a fancy to me and would talk for hours upon his pet fad of Indian hieroglyphics and picture writings. He was remarkably well up on Canadian records of this character scattered from one end of the country to the other, and was fond of tracing their connection with those of other lands, and showing how these were not the works of untutored savages rising from barbarism, but the expiring efforts of degenerate survivors of a once widely spread prehistoric civilization. I grew intensely interested in these unofficial lectures and questioned him upon lost Hochelaga, but found him at variance with generally accepted belief. He held, and strongly insisted, that it lay nearer the mountain, and that the upper segment of its circle swept well up into, and cut right across, our University grounds, and got me to survey and define the site as he fixed it, and make him a plan.

"The college campus is about the only remaining land unbuilt upon thereabout, and if the Professor could have had his way tennis courts and cricket creases would have been ruthlessly sacrificed upon the altar of scientific research. He was obliged, however, to confine his field of operations to the excavations being made for the foundations of new buildings, the breaking of ground for the running track and the levelling of the turf on the playing fields, and I'm sorry to say his explorations were almost barren of result. One day, however, as we were slowly strolling across the football ground, where the men were turning over and filling up hollows under the sod, I picked up a small object which attracted my atten-

tion among the loose earth and gravel, and began carelessly to examine it. I soon saw I had a genuine 'find,' and called upon the Professor to help determine its nature. It appeared to be a small copper cylinder, about an inch long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, solidly closed on one end with a cap of the same material slightly larger than the body of the cylinder, and bearing a loop, or eye, for the evident purpose of suspending round the neck by a thong. The other end was plugged with a stopper of some soft metal resembling lead, and the whole article was deeply corroded with the action of the elements during its agelong burial. The Professor's eyes danced with excitement, and his trembling lips parted in an awed whisper: 'A message from the dead! Open it—quick!' I was none too cool myself, I confess, but my fingers were equal to the strain of pulling out the still firmly fixed metal plug in the desire to reach the enclosure, if there were any. Sure enough there was no disappointment. The message was there, written, as the Professor clearly showed, on the inner silky skin of the white birch bark, but what it was neither I nor my learned friend, nor any of the savants among the antiquarian societies to whom he submitted the drawings I made, could determine to this day. I offered to give it to him, but he emphatically, though I fancied with reluctance, declined, charging me, as the younger man, with a lifetime before me, to sacredly guard the treasure and sedulously strive to force its secret. I have done so. I have carried the Thing about with me, questioned all I met, and sent photograph copies of the enclosure broadcast. Learned bodies have discussed papers upon the matter to no good, and I am just as ignorant as I was ten years ago, plus the aggravation of a fruitless pursuit of the elusive and undiscoverable Thing."

"Let's have a look at it," I put in, as Sid paused to take breath and relight his cigar.

I took the little battered article he handed me and found it just as described, and, on withdrawing the plug or stopper, the mysterious message was seen tightly rolled and just filling the inside. Extracting this and smoothing it on my knee, it appeared like this:



Of course I could not make head or tail of it, and passed it on to our companion, who had taken great interest in the recital. He took the various articles in his hands, silently turning over one by one the cylinder, its stopper and the enclosure, intently studying each with silent, inscrutable gaze; then, without a word, he deliberately turned and blew clouds of smoke to leeward, following their curl over the rail with a far-away look for the space of full a minute. Recognizing the slip, he wheeled about, and, alert as we knew him, said:

"Let me apologize first, and then, if you don't mind, I'll tell you another story."

We both expressed ourselves as more delighted in listening to his stories than unravelling dark mysteries, and he at once began:

"You'll pardon its autobiographical character, I know, when you've heard me through. If I have forgotten, permit me first to properly introduce myself, Hugh Langston, Colonel, by courtesy of my young friend here and my old comrades of the Confederate forces, but in fact of that rank in the United States Army, now detailed on somewhat unaccustomed but honorable duty for my beloved country in her present little difficulty, as you, Mr. Ahern, so cleverly guessed. For three weary and anxious months I have been in command of my little detachment of scouts in this northern outpost, charged with the double responsibility of watching every move of our enemies who made your city their base of operations in gathering and forwarding intelligence, and caring for my own security under the laws of neutrality. In view of what follows you will understand that in this double game of hide-and-seek I was more disturbed by the latter consideration than worried about the nefarious nature of the Spaniards' little games I was sent to check-mate, as I flatter myself I did pretty thoroughly. Every move was watched, reported to me, and its intention discounted when not entirely frustrated. Letters, documents and telegrams were, in unexplained ways, intercepted, copied, and their contents known in Washington within an hour of my reading, to the entire mystification of the uncomprehending Dons. This was not done without strain on nerves or physique. My ostensible quarters were your charming hostelry on Dominion Square, where I posed as a leisurely tourist making a prolonged stay, but my real business was done in the

little down-town back office I hired in a retired nook of a quiet street, and mainly at night while I was supposed to be enjoying some entertainment or social function. I cared little for these, and craved rather rest and quiet as a relief from the strain. This I found on your unrivalled mountain park, but more often strolling about the walks or enjoying a quiet cigar on one of the benches along the flower-beds of the Square in front of the Windsor Hotel, where I could keep an eye on the coming and going of my fellow-boarders. I read up your romantic history, and even took to the mild recreation of writing letters to *The Courier* commenting on current local events as they appeared to a visitor, and one day, sitting near the captured Russian guns guarding Sir John Macdonald's monument, and bothered with the 'contrairiness' of everything, I actually 'dropped into poetry'! May the Muses and you forgive, but I did so offend in thought, word and deed something to this effect:

ON DOMINION SQUARE.

A paradox, quite singular,
Its double front uprears,
Where Church and State rub peacefully
Cold shoulders down the years;
And muzzle-loaded, uncharged guns,
With Rushin' sloth await
Light Spanish boarders' heavy charge,
Frowning immaculate.

Restlessly calm, quietly proud,
Invisibly it looms
In monumental nothingness
Above the turf and blooms.
Its massive, insubstantial bulk
The crowded void delights;
And, fixed, immovable, pursues
Its airy, tricky flights.

With casual regularity
It tipples, topples, tips;
And unassuming arrogance
Subserviently dips
As skirts, tiles, knees, and palms are tipped
Without and eke within, Sir;—
Ask sable Snow, 'What's "out of sight"?'
He'll surely say: 'De win', Sah!

"I plead in extenuation that this is a first, and I hope only, offence, and proceed with my interrupted tale:

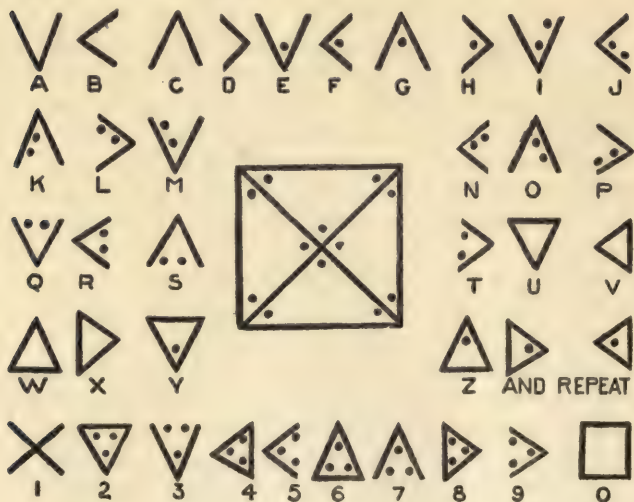
"Looking dispassionately at the Spaniards' manoeuvres from their point of view, I could not, as I said, regard them in the nature of heinous crimes, for the simple reason that I myself had been engaged in the same kind of enterprise under almost exactly similar conditions thirty-five or more years before, and we, no doubt, shared the same belief that we were but doing our whole duty. You are both too young to have personal recollections of the stirring times in your city, and its reputation as a hotbed of plots and an asylum for their Southern plotters during the Civil War, but are, no doubt, otherwise fully informed. We of the 'Lost Cause' were then so sure we were right that we were ready to die for our opinion, though reconciling Time may have modified the views and attitude of those who survived. I, with many others, resigned our commissions in the United States service and tendered our swords to our new allegiance. It was thought that I could be more useful in the political arena than on the field, and I was appointed an accredited agent of the Confederacy for the purpose of securing recognition, money and munitions of war. I visited Europe, and finally took up my residence in the old St. Lawrence Hall in Montreal, from which point I could carry on negotiations and correspondence somewhat undisturbed.

In communicating with the Confederate Government by our underground mail we had need of absolute secrecy in case of interception of despatches in transmission. This actually happened in several cases, but the means taken were so secure that no intelligible reading was ever got from any one of them. The cipher, based on no known code, defied the keenest effort to unravel; and though clues were discovered and worked under spur of liberal reward its secret remained undiscovered. As we learned of this through our informants we became bolder in committing important matter to paper at greater length and in fuller detail; and I received high commendation for my services, and promotion from the rank of Lieutenant to that of Colonel at the age of thirty—for I was the inventor of the cipher! Better ones have since been arranged and adopted by various Governments; in fact, mine is now the common property of those cognizant of such matters, so I may as well explain it to you. It was somewhat intricate, being a combination of a series of alphabets and numerals arranged according to key numbers, and an alternating cipher alphabet of characters and numeral signs, thirty-eight in all. The regular alphabets were signified thus: (1), (2), (3), (4), (5); and I arranged that (1) should begin to read E for A and so continue; (2), J for A; (3), O for A; (4), T for A; and (5), Y for A. The numeral codes were designated (6), (7), (8), and were to be read: (6), 3 for 1; (7), 6 for 1; (8), 9 for 1. The sign (9) meant that the letter or figure following was to be read as ordinarily understood. At first we were very careful to use no two letters or figures of the same series together, separating one from the other by the sign indicating the code from which the letter or figure following it was taken. Finding this very laborious, and getting bolder at our continued escape from detection by the

censors, through whose hands we felt sure much of what did reach us at either end of the correspondence passed, and feeling secure under the complemental character cipher, we got to use whole words, phrases, and finally short sentences in one unbroken series. It is a simple matter to decipher any writing carried on in one alphabetical sequence of true letter or character, but we kept clear of the danger line by breaking in with one or other of our nine changes of letters and numerals, and our one character cipher, which was the master-key to it all. Naturally we guarded our secret carefully, and every precaution was taken that no copies of our alphabets should be kept in such a way as if found they could be matched together and the key disclosed. I had committed all the alphabet keys to memory, but thought well to preserve a single copy of my character cipher, which I made on thin, tough manilla paper, and enclosed in a pistol cartridge which had come to me from one of our foreign correspondents as a sample of the invention then being introduced for the new breech-loading arms we longed for but had not the means to equip ourselves with. This I had made into a pendant for my watch-chain, and it was never out of my sight, till one day, returning from a walk up to your then wild mountain woods across the unkempt University grounds, I found I had lost it! I needn't suggest to you the weary days of search and the anxious nights of worry over that little bit of lost metal and its precious paper enclosure, which I never laid eyes on till this moment, for that, gentlemen, is my little, old-fashioned pistol-cartridge and the missing cipher!

"Explain it! My dear boys, was my anxiety misplaced? Isn't it clear to you two clever fellows at a glance? Not? Well, then, if you study the central figure you will find it comprises all the rest, and in its four quarters dissevered and turned in different direc-

tions the thirty-eight characters representing the alphabet, its supplemental ' & ' and ' repeat ' signs, and the ten numerals are easily accounted for. Begin with its simplest form from the letter A and read from left to right throughout to the end. Note that the second group of four takes the single point; then follow the two points in twelve different arrangements; then the four blank triangles; and the final four triangles with the point read: Y, Z, ' & ' ' repeat '—this last sign being employed to avoid a use of double letters or figures. The lower row comprises the numerals, for which the three points are used. I and O are designated by the primary forms of the figure; the triangles are the even numbers, and the right angles the odd.”



“ There’s an old soldier’s ‘ plain, unvarnished tale,’ and if it conflicts with your romance, Mr. Pangborn, I’m sorry, but can’t help it. What says the Great Poet:

'O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil.'

And again:

'An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.'

More apropos, however, is the aphorism attributed to the historic Governor of North Carolina in his brief address to the Governor of South Carolina, repeated with touching force one recent hot day of the present 'dispensation' by my esteemed friend, his successor:—

"Thanks, Colonel!" I laughed, "your pointed moral well adorns your tale. Come, Sid, old man, sit up and look pleasant; 't isn't your fault, you know!"

The Colonel's quiet chuckle as we all rose and passed along the deck was irresistible and finally provocative of the general explosion of hearty appreciation of the situation which pervaded the silent night as we disappeared down the companionway.

I reported to the Chief at *The Courier* office early and fit on Monday morning. He listened with an amused smile to my brief *résumé* of the foregoing incidents, and dismissed me with the suggestion:

"That ought to make a good story. Better write it up!"

And I did.



Ballads



Saved for England.

WELL ye know the moving story, how the maiden of
Verchères
Eight long days withstood the Redskin, drove him
baffled to his lair.
And the fame of daring Founder, and the valor of Dol-
lard,
Stately cenotaph enshrining, grateful townsfolk herald
far.

Meet that deeds which saved our country gloriously
should we record.
When ye tell how with the dawning fearless sped Laura
Secord,
And the full score ye would tally of the long uncanceled
debt,
Write the tale of gallant Carleton and the Commodore
Bouchette!

In the town is consternation; clamorous foe beats at her
gates;
Haughty summons to surrender, answer he impatient
waits.
Some would fight, but many waver; cursing some, some
on their knees
Weep to see the fearful burghers trembling yield the
town's great keys.

Some who for their fallen Lilies proudly bear uncounted
scars

Eye askance the Threefold Crosses, and would hail new-
risen Stars.

Some there be, but true and chosen, who erstwhile on
red fields met,

And their hope is English Carleton, his the faith of
French Bouchette.

Shall the flower of England's planting wither in the
bourgeoning—

Fall rich prize to rude invader, double traitor to his
King?

Flight estopped by land and water! How escape im-
pending wreck

Ere he safety finds, and succor, in the Fort at far
Quebec?

Great the need and dire the peril, for the strange King's
new-flown flag

From its highest blood-won bastion recreant hands would
foully drag.

One shall save it, one shall aid him, both will keep it
flying yet—

Give God-speed to Sir Guy Carleton, cheers for Com-
modore Bouchette!

Dark the night in chill November, all the town unheed-
ing sleeps,

Steals a boat from out the shadows, down the current
ghost-like creeps.

Trusty arms with muffled paddles urge her on her silent
way—

De la Naudière, the faithful, and the Sergeant Bou-
thellier.

Stripped of rank and martial trappings, guised in peasant's humble dress,
 In a locker three poor biscuits each man fend 'gainst hunger's stress.
 Not a whispered word is spoken, with a touch the course is set—
 Thus for England ventures Carleton, piloted by brave Bouchette!

Sentinels on deck and headland flash their beacons o'er the track;
 Tho' chance shot means death or capture, there is now no turning back.
 Boucherville is passed unchallenged, Contrecoeur left far behind,
 William Henry's hostile cannon silent glower adown the wind.

Now the isles and shoals of Berthier bar the river's onward flow,
 Where the watchful sentry paces by each campfire burning low.
 Flies the bullet with the challenge—dangers swift the path beset
 Of the gallant General Carleton and the Commodore Bouchette!

But the boat, as log light floating, guided only by a hand
 Stealthily thrust o'er the gunwale by one of the little band,
 Nine long miles thro' tortuous channel slowly drifts down to the lake;—
 Lusty thew and thrashing paddle staunch Three Rivers' port soon make.

Cruel fate and unkind haven! Sheltering walls armed
men invade;—

Wit alone may speed delivery from a crafty ambushade.
Thro' the jeering Continentals—tuques awry and lips
still wet—

Arm-in-arm reels peasant Carleton with his *camarade*
Bouchette.

Gained the boat hid 'mong tall rushes, fast the blows of
paddles rain;

Safe below the rapid's foaming waiting brig swings to
her chain;

High aloft the Red Cross flutters, down the stream the
stout *Fell* glides,

Till beneath Cape Diamond's fortress safe at anchor now
she rides.

Booming guns from port and battery in glad welcome
split the air.

For loved Chief's triumphant landing eager hands gay
barge prepare.

Spite all pomp and ordered pageant, niceties of etiquette,
One small skiff bears Governor Carleton, at the tiller
proud Bouchette.

Honors theirs, and gratulations, in St. Louis' Château
gray;

Then to meet the foe who hastens ruthlessly to burn and
slay.

In yon cold December midnight rings the shot that
smote him low,

Hurls his shattered remnant fleeing o'er the glaxis' crim-
soned snow!

When ye read how one man's valor Canada for England
held,
And would con how from two peoples one strong Nation
ye may weld,
To your children's listening children—lest our heroes
they forget—
Tell the tale of gallant Carleton and the Commodore
Bouchette!

In the Name of the King.

SCARLET and Tartan and Khaki dun, Jack-boot, Puttee
and Spur;
Tunic and Sporrán and bell-mouthed Duck, Helmet and
Plume and Fur;
Rifle and Broadsword, Cutlass and Lance, Maxim and
Twelve-inch Gun,
And the Brawn and Blood of the King's own Men, have
Empire for him won!

And a brave, glad show, and a gallant sight, are the
Men of the Fighting-Trade,
As they stand, eyes front, on the snowy deck, or the turf
of the lined parade.
Then the grim "Godspeed!" of the grizzled Chief, the
kiss, and the cheers that ring
For the Men of the Bond and the Uniform, who fare
forth for their King!

But that bloody day when the eye sees red, and the
breath heaves through bared teeth,
And the pibroch skirls, and the bugle rings, and the
bayonet leaps from its sheath,
And the line is flung at the torn glacis, that the guns
long hours have shelled,
Carving and clubbing and cursing its way to the key
that is won and held!

Glory, promotion, honors and loot, "mention" for gallantry—

Maimings and blood, the volleyed trench, a splash in the nameless sea—

Uneven guerdon as chance may fall—but the clamor of grief is stilled,

And ever the Colors are borne aloft, the broken ranks are filled!

Tommy and Mac and Pat and Jean, Yellow and Brown and Black,

The wide world round, for King and Flag have faced death back to back.

Prairie and Bush and tawny Veldt, the Seas, the Sands, the Snows,

Are tracked by the feet of Men of the Bond, who press where the old Flag goes.

And the golden North where the sands are gold, fair gold the bending grain,

And gold the hearts of its stalwart sons—a broad and fair Domain—

Is held for their Lord by his lieges stout—tho' scarce five hundred Horse—

Heirs of the Bond, Sons of the Blood, the pick and flower of his Force.

Trooper and bailiff, constable, judge, for Order and Law they ride;

Smuggler, outlaw, and red-skinned thief, all fearful scurry and hide—

Bullet full swift if need there be, and a laugh for the answering storm—

For the haunting dread of your rake-hell knave is the belted Uniform.

Now, the souls of men, as of old it chanced, were seared
with the lust for gold,
And the turgid flood of envious camps up the luring
gulches rolled.
The hot trail rang 'neath the speeding feet; on Greed's
heels Murder stalked,
Till the Sergeant's Post at the far "divide" the rovers'
onslaught balked.

'Twas "pass and welcome, to men of peace, for here the
King's writ runs."
And the tunicked warders, unafraid, fronted the threat-
'ning "guns."
"Surrender and pass, or back to your place!" Nor
bully nor tough dared draw,
But yielded the symbols of riot and blood at the beck
of Order and Law.

Now, Yukon Bill was a "bad man" famed, at "bluff"
renowned for his skill,
And the "gun" he wore was a fearful thing, with a
nick on the butt for each "kill."
But he gave it up with a heart-wrung sigh, with never
a word, alack!
Of the pair of brand-new forty-fours snug hid in the
folds of his pack.

The gold-mad town was set ablaze, fed full by rumor's
tongue,
Of direful tales of "shootin' up" by the worst "bad
man" unhung,
Who swears in his cups a bloody death, by the gods of
the roaring West,
Should a monkey-jacket constable dare Yukon Bill
arrest!

Aldermen, Clerk, and Deputy, led by the doughty Mayor,
And a throng of angry citizens crowd all the Barrack-square.

A squadron at least, and all picked men, the worthy
burghers claim,
Should ride to avenge this foul assault upon the town's
good name!

"Call Corporal Short!" when he heard the tale, the Captain
said with a grin.

"This braggart who's got the town 'held up,' find him,
and bring him in!"

"What! unaided, unarmed!" the fearful cried; "Captain,
he's good as dead;

Report shall be made of this rashness, sir; his blood is
on your head!"

Corporal Short, five-four in his boots, his forage-cap
a-cock,

Armed *cap-à-pie* with a swagger-stick, strode forth a
scant half-block,

Flung open the door of Black Jake's dive, and, cool as
if on drill,

Tapped curt command on the hulking back: "I guess
yer wanted, Bill!"

At the word Bill turned, swept a tipsy glance from chin-
strap down to spurs,

Then whipped out an oath with his ready gun: "Of all
the mangy curs

That ever were whelped in this King-cursed land to bark
at a man and run,

You're the limit, dead right!" But Short just said:
"Come on, and gimme that gun!"

"Oh! somebody take him before he's hurt!" Bill roared
at the empty bar—

Patrons and servers, with equal haste, had scattered wide
and far.

Your blusterer, lacking gallery play, wilts like a shirt
without starch;

And weaponless, limp, Bill stepped at the word: "To
the Barracks now, Forward, March!"

"Why burden the town with a rascal's keep, give him
the 'bad man's' bounce—

Twenty-four hours to hit the trail," the jury his doom
pronounce.

Sadder and wiser, they watched him pack his far way
lone and lorn,—

And now the brand-new forty-fours the Barrack-mess
adorn.

Scarlet and Tartan and Khaki dun, Gunner and Foot
and Horse,

They stand for the Flag the wide world round, and Order
and Law enforce.

Tommy and Mac and Pat and Jean—White, Yellow, or
Black, or Brown—

Here's to the Man in the Uniform, the stay of the Throne
and Crown!

The Honor of the Company.

UNPRICED the wide, untrod domain which that free-
handed king

Gave to his Chartered Company trading to Hudson's
Bay;

And Power of Justice, High and Low, under his hand
and ring,

Sealed to succeeding heritors, as even to this day.

For Beauty must be beautified, and Foppery be decked;
And beaver pelts are heartsome things to fend the
storm's chill breath;

And men must dare that marts be stored, and hazards
little recked,

From rending claw and hurtling shaft, hunger and
cold and death.

And Scottish hills and English vales sent forth their
venturous sons

Into the gloom of No-Man's-Land, honors and gear
to win,

Where, furthest north of fifty-two, save Factor's Law,
none runs—

Equal requital, even dole, yea, saith it, "skin for skin."

Ungava to Saskatchewan, from Garry to Good-Hope,
Spite terrors of the Barren Lands, and perils of The
Bay,

The Fur-Kings' lettered blazon floats, with problems
vast they cope,

"Free-Trader" banned and vassals leal fear or
acclaim their sway.

From Chippewyan to far York, from Kicking-Horse to Pitt,

In two-score forts they tell the tale how Red Mac stayed the knife

The blood-avenger fain would flesh, and by his ready wit

The Red-Man judged by his own code, and saved the hunted life.

To Red Mac in the Fort, one day, there came a runner spent,

Appealing, "Great White Father, save! they falsely me accuse,

And by the Red-Man's gods have sworn the Tribe's dire chastisement—

Torture and death my woeful fate if shelter you refuse!"

And hot upon the way-worn feet into the Fort there burst

A vengeance-breathing, painted throng, with "Justice!" for their cry.

"Yield him to our offended Law, or ever stand accurst
In all the Tribe! Who breaks its Law, shall he not surely die?"

"Ye speak me fair," parleyed Red Mac. "Justice for White and Red

Shall equal be within the bounds of the Great Company,

And I, Red Mac, shall mete it out, yea, even on the head
Of him who to the Fort shall fly and claim its sanctuary."

"My brothers, runs not the old saw that he who fain
would know

The keen delights of rabbit-stew his rabbit first must
snare?

Now, I who have the hare in pound shall surely let him
go,

And if ye catch him, do your will. Say ye, is it not
fair?

"When next the moon shall shine at full, attend ye for
the race;

Unarmed, afoot, hunters and prey, on equal terms
shall meet;

Five-score to one, like odds from each, a start of one
full pace,

And Justice be the arbiter between the speeding feet."

With grunts of satisfaction deep, unquestioning, ap-
peased,

Trusting the pledge of "Hudson Bay," sacred till day
of doom,

The blood-avenging fury stilled, grim, silent, yet well
pleased,

The braves stalked through the Fort's barred gate and
vanished in the gloom.

"Now, by the powers of turf and track!" the wily Fac-
tor swore,

If I have not forgotten how a runner should be broke,
A race we'll see that shall surpass the vaunted feats of
yore

As would the pride of Epsom Downs outfoot a cos-
ter's 'moke'!"

With raw deer-meat and pemmican, "parritch" and
toothsome stew,

Mac stuffed that red skin for a week, till you might
fear 'twould crack.

"Heed not the fat! he'll rival yet, in toughened nerve
and thew,

The fittest man e'er donned the spikes upon the cinder-
track!"

Six hours a day Mac raced him round the stockade's
measured ring;

Practised in jumping till with ease four twelve-hand
colts he'd clear;

The great ringed weights that scale the pelts forced
him to lift and fling,

And tussle with the grizzly cub, a wrestler without
peer.

Unguents compound of "whiskey blanc" and mellow
wild-goose oil,

With soothing massage and cold douche, the training-
pangs allay;

And meat and drink, portioned with care, solace the day-
long toil,

Ending in sleep on dreamless couch of fragrant Indian
hay.

Day in, day out, relentlessly, Mac urged the tireless pace,

Grimly content with the good work; and when the
Harvest Moon

Beamed clear and full, 'twas plain to all that in the
fateful race

An athlete fit would toe his mark, the morrow at high
noon.

The purpling dawn revealed a camp—night-sprung like
Jonah's vine—

Far-borne across the waving plains by broncho and
cayuse,

And pitched without the stockade gate; tepees in strag-
gling line,

Housing alike children and dogs, squaw, buck and
brown papoose.

"Now, welcome, brothers!" hailed Red Mac. "Right
promptly are ye met!

This morn ye break your fast with me. In token of
the pledge

Upheld this day 'twixt White and Red, we smoke the
calumet

When ye have drained the loving-cup and blunted
hunger's edge!"

The Fort was emptied of its best, and not the smallest
crumb

Of the glad feast remained unhid within some hollow
skin.

In cautious stretching of the law, a tot of prime old
rum

Was served each brave who sprawled at ease, gorged
to his smoke-wreathed chin.

And when the high-ascending sun marked on the dial's
face

The hour of noon, Mac whistled "time"; bade each
man toe the scratch

Scored fair and clear across the plain—'twixt quarry
and the chase

The vantage odds of handicap agreed on for the
match.

A field to hearten any meet, fit athletes all, and good
To critic eye. Each muscle stirred beneath the nude
brown skin
With serpent spring. As hounds on leash, the lissome
runners stood
Unshamed in scanty racing garb—breech-clout and
moccasin.

With echoing crash the starting gun boomed from the
bastion's height,
And like a flock of partridges, scared by the hunter's
shot,
The field was off to circumvent the quarry's headlong
flight
To 'scape the yells and itching claws upon the trail
mad-hot.

The blood-mad chase had eaten up full half the handi-
cap
Before the trembling quarry woke to his oncoming
fate
Shrilled to his ears in brazen notes across the lessen-
ing gap,—
Then fear-numbered limbs and leaden feet leaped to
their stride and gait!

"The race is now as good as won," grinned crafty Fac-
tor Mac.

"The training days have done their work—so has my
little feast.
See! one by one the blown, spent chase sink winded on
the track,
While fast and far the quarry speeds, and all pursuit
has ceased!"

The distanced chase came straggling back, and with recovered breath

Acclaimed Red Mac Factor supreme in all the Hudson's Bay,

Swearing by the dread Manitou, who rules for life and death,

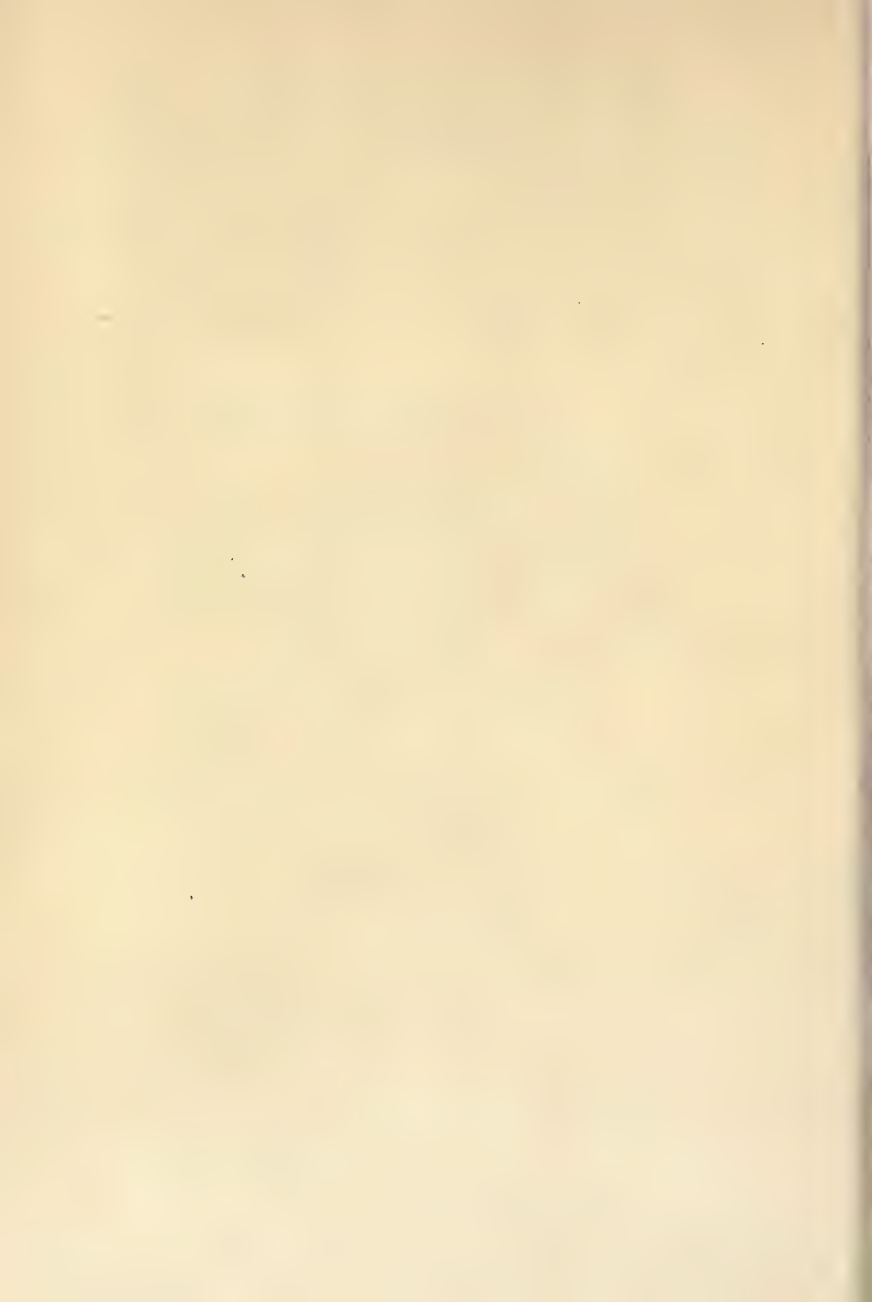
Full pardon for a brother's fault, judged and atoned that day!

And still there comes to venturous souls the call of No-Man's-Land,

Voiced from its woods and hills and streams, luring insistently;

Still White and Red, in Lodge and Fort, clasping a brother-hand,

Vow fealty to the olden pact, and pledge "The Company!"



Sonnets

Metempsychosis.

AROYNT thee, dæmon! thou unbidden guest,
Who comest with loud clamor to my door
From thy far bourn with all they garnered lore
Of olden lands, plaining thy strange behest
That, all untutored, I thy wearied quest
Uptake, and with thy wreathèd style forth-pour
For thee thy æon-sealed, full-burdened store,
In measured cadences all fitly drest,
Then hie me with thy golden phantasies
And pipe to those who in the Forum's space
Babble and chaffer, while the brazen tale,
Thrummed by the Genie of the Clicking Keys,
Shames thy poor minstrel in their market-place!—
Avaunt! lest I, as they, do turn and rail!

Misappreciation.

Dost whine and cower under the keen thrash
Of circumstance impelling to thy work
All laggard tempters cry on thee to shirk
Save under duress of the urging lash,
And whimper if thy dole be but the flash
Of scornful eye steel-hard as ruffian dirk,
Or high-flung laughter where lewd scoffers lurk
In idle dalliance 'neath the fountain's splash?
Up! Gird thee! for thy stint is large to fill,
And day swift wears to night ere comes surcease!
Praise, blame, or guerdon, as the hours bestow:—
Lo, thine own soul shall judge if well, not ill,
Thy work be laid; hold, then, thy peace,
Haply thy friend and the Task-Master know!

Knight-Errantry.

MAYHAP there comes far-borne to thee the cry
Of captive Justice, thrall'd to reaching Greed,
That thou shouldst arm and mount and straightway
speed

With aid thou by thy vows canst not deny ;—

Mayhap, too, squires and men-at-arms shall fly
Their pledged devoir, and all the coward breed
Of skulking Fears assail in thy dire need,

And comrade-fool of all, bid thee forth hie ;—

Still shalt thou fare, impelled by knightly gage

Of olden Chivalry, to prove the Right

'Gainst banded Might, sworn on thy midnight
knee,

And, like to gallant youth of storied page,

Alone shall spur to win the bristling height,

Giving God thanks He thus hath honored thee !

Dethronement.

Oh, spare, dread Suzerain, in pity stay
The mandate that from knightly brow would wrest
The proud insignia by thy hand imprest,
And as thy bedesman thy poor liege will pay
His vows; or this denied, he yet may pray
That kindly hemlock or swift steel be blest
Emancipators from the fell arrest
To speed him on his far, lone, untrod way!
But to be haled by brawling men-at-arms,
Flouted, scourged, gyved, red quivering wounds
agape,
Endungeoned with the dusty owl and bat,
Frighted at shades, frenzied by rude alarms,
The mock of jester and companion ape—
Dear Lord, by the all-hallowed sign, not that!

Interrogation.

How shall we fare in that on-coming day
Which opes for us the donjon-keep of Time,
And we, with gyve-worn, stumbling feet, slow climb
The noisome steeps and grope our wildered way
O'er cruel stones—while glints but far, dim ray
Faint-fluttering through some iron-matted rime
'Mid the dank gloom, where the red ghosts of crime
Haunt their cold crypt, with dust of ages grey—
And in the frowning portal's shadow stand,
Ere the great bolts are shot, and wide are thrown
The fretted gates that bar, and we are free,
And the mute Warder waves his mailed hand,
Forth-speeding to the limitless Unknown
Bathed in the gold-gleam of Eternity?

The Iconoclast.¹

WITH bludgeon shocks of satire-venomed pen
He riots in the fane of age-long Creed,
Where Arrogance, Credulity and Greed
False gods enshrine before deluded men;
And in their teeth hurls ribald challenge when,
Fronting his single arm, the intolerant breed
Of Baal howl and curse the blasphemous deed
With ban and holy wrath and loud Amen;
Nor heeds their rage, but where the far grey peaks
Raise their hoar facets to the purpling day,
Flooding its glory over wind-clipt sod
And primal rock in gold and crimson streaks,
With bared, bowed head he kneels, his awed lips
pray:
"In Thee alone I trust, all-puissant God!"

Anticipation.

I DREAM of her by day, and wakeful night
 Filches the visioned hours from envious sleep;
 Yet with presaging dawn my vigil keep
Till Hope's sun fades with eve's golden delight.
Wide as the wood, lofty as its plumed height,
 Warm as its hues, pure as its lakelet's deep,
 Her largess streams where I, her liegeman, creep,
All travel-spent, plaining that Love unite
 Friend, comrade, husband, lover, mistress, wife,—
 Erst twain, knit one,—indissoluble bind
 In easeful yoke, assuage the fretting pain
Of love unsated, still hot passion's strife:—
 Ah, shall I the Immaculate One find?
 Or to my proffered fealty will she deign?

Plagiary.

As delver in the earth, or rock age-bound,
 Gleans from the treasures of deep-caverned hoard,
 By lavish hand of Great Provider stored,
Ore, gold and gem, and by his art renowned,
All-craftily, with workman-skill profound,
 Shapes diadem for brow of over-lord,
 Fair-jewelled chalice, or all-conquering sword,
Robs none, but guerdoned is, and crowned;
 So he, who, roving 'mid Thought's tasselled hills
 And bloom-starred meads, all dight and patterned
 rare,
 Plucks as he will, unmissed, bud, flower and leaf
That, in his soul's alembic cast, distils
 In perfumed breathing of Song, Hymn or Prayer
 Enravishing, Creator is, not thief!

Retribution.

WITH fearsome shudder of impending doom
Man fronts the bar of the dread High Assize,
And to the red charge pleads, or, quibbling, tries
If in the indictment flaw, for mercy room:
But, nathless all, self-pleasing's fees dark loom
When the slow-measured voice and calm, sad eyes
Of even Justice, scorning puny lies,
Pass on the record the Great Books enwomb—
Nay, writ full large for each clear eye to read
On the cold stones, dull earth, and quivering air,
And in the erst-sealed pages of the mind,
The idle thought, quick word, light act, black deed,
Imprinted whelm the culprit trembling there,
Judgment confessing by his own hand signed!

“Shake-Speare.”²

FEARSOME the shadow of yon awful curse
Uprears its threat'ning finger o'er the stones
Where troop awed pilgrim throngs above dry bones
Whisp'ring a name false, carven lines inherse—
Poet's light blade, catch-coin to deck lean purse.
The yard, all wondering, its magic owns,
And clapper-claws the lack-shame daw, enthrones
Him bard who struts and mouths Want's bartered verse.
Fame, perjured blazon, usances, and lands,
And gentle sepulture for base-born clay,
O'erweigh the witness of the unsigned pact
'Twixt needy wit and nimble greed's demands.
Mimes the vain actor night's slow hours away—
Time calls for “Author” in the curtain-act!

Renunciation.³

Not as The Maid defied the banner'd power
Of furious England ravishing her France
Comes she, with bravery of sword and lance.
All-weakly armed, fond Idol-cult's high tower
Breasting, she fronts Opiniatry's fell shower,
And cruel stab of lip-curved arrogance,
In fearless quest. Ah, daughter of Mischance,
Lost, all!—Friends, Reputation, Life's full flower!
E'en as The Maid, by ruthless bigot Time
Despitely used, enshrined in after days,
So, owning Poesy's golden lamp defiled,
Song's laurels shameless worn by buskin'd mime,
Imperial leaflet shorn from mummer's bays
May "Shakespeare's" England yield New Eng-
land's child!

“Mr. William Shakespeare’s Comedies,
Histories and Tragedies.”

London: 1623.

IMMORTAL Trilogv—Love’s Testament,
Fame’s “In Excelsis,” Passion’s Litany—
Deathless, imperishable Trinity!
Excalibur, burnished armipotent,
Kings’ panoply, tyrants’ admonishment,
Pierian spring of loftiest minstrelsy,
Flower of all speech, bloom of all poesy,
Thralled lips’ Great Charter of enfranchisement—
Last of our envied England’s Three, first wrung
From puissant arrogance at Runnymede,
Writ with his blood by martyred Tyndale’s pen,
Eternized by her SHAKESPEARE’S herald-tongue
Unto the last-born of this dowered breed
Of Island-Empire-building Englishmen!

Herses

The Minstrel.

SAD-EYED and wan, with hosen frayed,
Gay doublet stained and dim,
It chanced a Troubadour had strayed
Beside her fountain's rim,
And he the Muse some small boon prayed—
Song, dirge, or hymn.

From wine-shop, fane and chaffering mart
Throngs poured upon the square,
Babbling of things close to the heart—
Traffic, or Wine, or Prayer—
And railed on him who stood apart
In mute despair.

These cried: "Pipe us of Love or Wine,
Full-brimmed with laughter gay!"—
"Laud us glad hymns to gods divine!"
Cried those; but others, "Nay,
A Dirge, by all the Muses nine!
And name thy pay."

"I' faith, good friends, if my loved Muse
Her boon doth not withhold,
I, her poor liege, dare not refuse
Pleadings in service old,
For sing I must, and cannot choose,
But not for gold.

“ Yet, foolish ones, ye ask amiss :
Song for the heart of stone ;
Loud-vaunting holiness, I wis,
Befits the Requiem’s moan ;
And for the wanton wine-cup’s kiss
Prayers must atone.

“ Lo! now the Heav’nly Muse hath deigned
To grant her bedesman’s suit,
And of her largesse showers hath rained
On me and my poor lute,
That but for her had yet remained
All lorn and mute.

“ And as her almoner I fling
The gifts she rare doth shower.
My mistress bids me, and I sing ;—
Dare I, shameless, deflower
With stain of twice-paid guerdoning
Her Heav’n-sent dower ?”

He sang his songs of Arcady,
And Care from knit brows fled ;
Lips wont to troll lewd revelry
Glad chorales echoèd ;
And Pride at humbling Litany
Bowed impious head.

Nathless tears, laughter, proffer’d fee,
All-bounteously out-flung
In tribute to rare minstrelsy
Passing all dreamed or sung,
He fled, and vanished utterly
The throngs among.

At darkling eve, the tales avouch,
 Footsore and worn and cold,
The kindly straw a welcome couch,
 He fain would eat:—behold,
The crusts he sought in tatter'd pouch
 Were turned to gold!

A Song of Empire.⁴

"One with Britain, heart and soul,
One Life, one Flag, one Throne!"

IN the fair golden North where the 'Three Seas' shocks
meet

On the age-hammered ribs of the world,
And the Snow-Queen's chill kiss and the Storm-King's
white beat

By the South-blown Chinook back are whirled;
Where the grey hills, calm woods, furrowed plains,
laughing streams

Lift their hymns to the canopied blue,
Smiles the Land of our love and our hope and our
dreams—

O dear Land, here we pledge thee anew!

Chorus—

All together, Hurrah! Undivided we stand
For the Flag and the World-Empire Throne,
In the League of the Sons of the Blood here's a hand,
And an arm when the bugles are blown!

Steadfast, fixed as their Star, stand the Northland's stout
sons,

In one aim, old-time feuds reconciled;
For the blood of the Mother of Nationhood runs
Thro' the veins of the Nations' last child.
As the might of the Sea is the grip of their hand,
But the iron of its rocks in their frown;
As ye will ye may have from the men of the Land—
Choose, and God the arbitrament crown!

Chorus.

And the triple-fold Cross of the White, Blue and Red
Is the Sign of the Sons of the Blood;
'Gainst it foes weakly stand, 'neath it heroes have bled
On the torn field and dark sanguined flood.
And the sweep of its march is the tramp of a host,
And their song as the sound of the Sea,
As they cheer and acclaim it their charter and boast,
And the Standard of Empire to be!

Chorus.

From hearts, homes, Labor's matins and evensongs rise
With the swell of their world-mart's far hum,
And defence, not defiance, the burden that flies
In the tang of their world-rolling drum.
What we have we will hold to the last shattered breach—
Pledge ye now to the Blood Brotherhood!—
Our Imperial Birthright; the Flag and the Speech
And the Rule of the Sons of the Blood!

Chorus.

Jean Baptiste Cogitates Thus.

(With apologies to Dr. Drummond.)

W'AT A t'ink 'bout dis h'Angle-Amerique?—

Dat was bodder me moch, ma foi ;

A lak well be good fren' wit' de Yankee,

But lak better ma chère Canadaw.

He lak it, too, come try for tek it,

Tam ma fadder's grandpère be alive—

He fire de shot feex de whol' beeznesse—

A Kébec, 'way back 'Sav'ntee-five.

Affer dat, de Peep' hourraw for h'Angland!—

She geev peace, an' fair-play, an' good chance

For de poor Canayens wit' no contree,

Jus' de langue of deir los' modder, France.

Den de Yank' spik nace word' sweet lak sirop—

T'ink de Peep' deir new contree will sell!—

Den he come wit' hees gun ; get hees congée

At Chateauguay, tam h'Eigheten-twel'.

But de Canayens don' get deir fair-play,

So 'long come de Papineau War—

Ma fadder he's fight wit' de Patriotes—

You know better'n me w'at das for.

Now's de chance Freedom Bird geev hees glad han'!—

He's no good more'n ol' choul wit' de spav'n,

Only screech hees loon laf, and' de Peep' count

Deir dead martyrs of 'Tortee-sav'n.

Bimeby de Yank lak mek some beeznesse ;
 Say: les shake! an' dose fool t'ing' forget.
 But de Peep' don' forget, jus' forgeev heem,
 'Cause dey know 'nuff come in out de wet.
 An' dey mek w'at you call ra-cee-pross-tee—
 T'ink das better'n scratch lak two cat'—
 'Tam she's good h'on de farm an' de shaintee
 Wit' de Big 'Treat' of 'Cinquante-quatre.

But de Yank' t'ink he don' 'av all sof' t'ing,
 Say de Canayens 'av li'l' show, too ;
 So he tell to Victoriaw: " Stop it!"
 She say: " H'all right, if dat suit to you."
 Den he's mad; but he spik her de bon jour—
 'Count some troub' wit' dat Sout'-Bull-Run-feex—
 But he weenk when hees sans-culottes Fenian'
 Cross de line' long 'bout 'Seextee-seex.

But dey t'ink das le diable sure is chase dem,
 An' dey t'row 'way deir coat' an' deir gun'
 So's to cross queek de forty-five frontier—
 'Cep' dose capture' an' too dead for run.
 An' de Gouvernement's go'n geev gol' médailles
 All de boy' mek brave fight Pigeon Hill!—
 An' de Yank', you know well w'at dey geev us—
 De Barry Buf'lo Labor Bill!

Still de Peep' lak mek fren' wit de Yankee';
 Sen' deir Politiques down Washington
 For try if dey caint 'range le Commerce
 Way you call " modus 'vendi " façon.
 An' we let dem ketch feesh h'all dey wan' to,
 Geev dem h'ice, an' de bait you call " live,"
 An' dey t'ank us by sen', how you say it?—
 'Twis'-tail-message-Cleevlan'-Nantee-five'

An' das w'y, for sure, A caint tell, me,
W'at A t'ink 'bout dis new alliance;—
'Fraid de Canayens pay for de musique,
An' de Yank' 'av de fonne h'on de dance.
Sir Wil-fred's try get de Peep' fair-play,
Mek good fren' wit' dem smart men h'on State',
But dey bus' h'up dat Congrès assemblé
Vieux Kébec h'on de 'ear 'Nantee-h'eight.

Now de Yank' t'ink he lak mek more beezness,
'Av good marché for sell hees job lot';
Wan' hees marchandises entrer free-duty,
Den he buy h'all de polp-'ood we got!
Fir mek sure he don' get de wors' bargeen,
He ax 'boot—beeg lisière of our lan'—
Wan' be 'lowed change de bornes, plant new piquets,
Den get job for door-keep la douane!

So John Boule an' hees smart Yankee cousin
Tek a han' in de game you call "bluff,"
An' John grin, an' Sam weenk, an' de crowd laf—
But de Canayens cof' h'up de stuff!
An' de Peep' dey got bonco' and gol'-bric',
'Sted of fair-play-square-deal, A'm sure, me,
In dose Laska-Ras-pross-tee-Conventions
Dey was hol' h'on de 'ear Nanteen-t'ree.

The Imperial Trading Company, Unlimited.

Do ye hold it as naught, a light thing we have wrought,
On the Plains, in the Bush, by the Veldt?

Lo, the Old Hive was strait, and we fared to our fate,
And here we have traffick'd and dealt,
And withstood all who'd maim or our Trade or our
Claim,

As the way is of men of the Breed—
For each ranch, shanty, mine, flaunts the storm-weathered
Sign,
Old-empowered by charter and deed.

Count your freighters, deck-full, of our corn, kine and
wool,

Scudding, spume-sprent, the Seven Seas across:—

Hath it not roundly paid, this vast over-sea trade,

And the profit far o'ertopped the loss?

Let their blade-beats keep tale of each bellying bale,

And the spices and timber and gold,

And the gem, pelt and plume, and rare stuffs of the loom,

To your swallowing storehouses rolled!

When the Freebooter pressed, did we fail of our best,—

Yea, the flower of the Blood-banded Sons,—

Faced they not with you then, like to soldiers and men,

The hot blast of his withering guns?

Tho' the lip-valiant brag, bite the thumb at the Flag,

Let the bully who itches to smite

Come with insolent tread, threat his bounds or his bread.

Know the whelps of the Old Dog can bite!

"Ho! Go to! now," they say, "'tis an overprized way,
This rough battle of bullet and shell.
He *may make* and *may buy*," do they vauntingly cry,
"But our foe *starves* unless he can *sell*!
See! this Masterful One his long tether hath run;
Let him prate of his Consols and Rents;
His proud onset we wait by the bars of our gate,
And *take toll* ere he trades in our tents!"

And with Octroi and Cess do they harry and stress,
Mulct his wares to the uttermost sou;
And but mock when he pleads, as a beggar his needs:
" 'Tis an unfriendly act that ye do
'Gainst the Law that *I* made for the Freedom of Trade,
And the thriving of Nations unborn,
Stablished firm as the Creed, or the laws of the Mede,
Which rude hands have unholily torn!"

Oh, the pity, the shame, that the House and the Name
Be the byword of bourse and bazaar!
Do the peoples and tribes barter textlets for gibes,
And do prayers their lock'd portals unbar?
For a psalm do they sell, for an inch mete an ell,
Give a toll-booth for market overt?—
Out on Doctrine and School! Be *their* Code your new
Rule,
And the *Lex Talionis* assert!

Tho' they make their wrath hot, and, foregathering, plot
How to counter with deadliest thrust,
And would envious end, or all-meddlesome mend—
Wreck or merge, mine by Tariff and Trust—

The good-will of the Firm, and allegiance mis-term
 But a policy pattern'd to pay,—
 Let them con things unlearn'd, by the Blood-Bond discern'd,
 An it take them a year and a day!

Then bethink as ye rouse of the Heirs of the House
 In the Branches out-station'd afar,
 And their traffic, swift-borne, from the Isles and the
 Horn,
 And the Sign of the Seven-rayed Star!
 Whoso wins, the Word wings, proud shall stand before
 Kings,
 And the alien and mean man disdain:—
 See we lack not *our* share as ye unafraid fare
 Forth to harvest new guerdon and gain!

Rosemary.

AN she but care!—Come, Esperance,
Speed her true liege, all debonair,
Forth on his questing chevisance,—
An she but care,—

Devoir for her to bravely dare
When thundering steed and couchant lance
Affright and stay where he would fare!

Falls he in combat à outrance?—
Hers his last sigh and broken prayer
As on her scarf his kisses glance:—
An she but care!

Hearts Valiant.⁵

A FAULT in her flight, a cry in the dark, the crash of
the rending shock,
And the pride of the sea is a thing of naught in the teeth
of the iron rock.
While the sheeted wraith of the Terror by Night steals
thro' the chill, dank gloom,
And the cruel jaws of the hungry sea gnash with the
sound of doom.

Three ways ye wot of, yea, four there be, to front the
Arrow that Flies
By noonday or night to the breasts of all, ye may read
in the uncowed eyes
Of the fearless man who will die for men, and the man
in the guise of a maid,
And the woman who smiles as she takes the hand of the
child who is unafraid.

Ye that go down to the sea in ships and tempt the plumb-
less flood,
By gage of the mother who called you sons, born of the
breed and blood,
These wonders ye see, but the marvel hides in the name-
less coward thing,
Ye spurn with the flout of a leal man's scorn, and lash
with the hot word's sting.

God send with our call that may come one day—in the
storm or the battle's red,
'Mid the lagging hours of the day's long stint, or the
ease of a visioned bed,
To be up and on to the duty near, tho' wingèd lightnings
fly—
High thought of the brave who sprang to do, nor reck'd
they might chance to die!

Pierre Denis.⁶

LONG have I, White Throat, a prayer many
Breathed at our dear Lady's shrine;
Oft to her feet borne a care many—
Hey, truant rover of mine!—
C'est lui!—Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis.

Go with thy melting, sweet melody,
Rossignol, messenger fleet!
Pipe thy note, say 'tis not well with me,
Bring him eftsoon to my feet!—
Ah, oui!—Elle m'a dit, Elle m'a dit, Elle m'a dit.

Breathe in the wood thy low prayer for me,
Whistle thy lilt o'er the hill;—
Lone am I, sad it doth fare with me,
Hie thee, and fear thee no ill!—
Oui! Oui!—Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis!

Hither, ye swift one, reveal to me
Wastes where my laggard doth hide!
Loves he me, shall he yet kneel to me,
Back shall he haste to my side?
Mais, oui!—Il m'a dit, Il m'a dit, Il m'a dit.

Lo, his love-token I bear to thee—
Far tho' he strayed from thy love
Found he none e'en to compare to thee—
Flies he, as home-winging dove—
O!—Lui!—Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis, Pierre Denis!

Love.⁷

(From the French.)

TELL me, my heart, sad heart, all passion-worn,
What is this Love, dear word so wondrous sweet?—
A thought, a phantasy, of two souls born—
Two hearts, as one, that each for other beat!

Tell me, whence comes to us this stranger guest?—
Love lives where love is, there it makes its stay!
Whence, then, that Love which leaves its chosen nest?—
It is not Love, if e'er it flies away!

How Love discern, to whom we fealty owe?—
When not for self it lives and craves a boon!
And Love the Conqueror, how may we know?—
Be still, and thou may'st hear his noiseless shoon!

How doth rich Love its store accumulate?—
Only by scattering doth increase come!
And what its language, all impassionate?—
Love only loves, and always. Love is dumb!

Keats and a Calendar.

At glad Christmastide
To the sweet, sweets:—
Than all Bards beside,
I send thee Keats.

Poets' sweet Poet-King—
Tho' motley him cover—
A rhymester's offering
To poet-lover.

Mayhap some grey days
Of the new, golden year
His delectable lays
Tired heart may cheer.

Greeting.

WITH this there speeds a Tale of Days,
Ne'er writ, nor sung, nor told,
That when twelve silver moons shall blaze
Thou'lt shrine with Days of Old.

As one by one, to thy strange gaze,
The pages are unrolled,
Mayhap may'st find these unknown days
Red-letter'd some, some gold.

If some there be, to thine amaze,
All leaden grey and cold,
May memories of Golden Days
The cheerless few o'erfold!

The Winged Wheel.⁸

Air: "The Stein Song."

WHEN the turf springs green in Maytime,
And the Summer's golden days
Woo the red blood to its play-time,
Then you'll hear from the M. three A's!

Chorus—

For, come fair or foul weather,
As good fellows, all together,
Let us stand, leal and able,
For "the game" and the old Winged Wheel!

When Thanksgiving follows hay-time,
And the slanting sun's cold rays
Mark the pigskin's scanty gay time,
Then look out for the M. three A's!

Chorus.

When the Crosse of the long-past Maytime
Yields to Puck and his playful ways,
And the lights turn night to daytime,
Then make way for the M. three A's!

Chorus.

If to fighting time, not play-time,
Be the call that the whistle plays,
Then we'll march in M.A.A.A.-time,
In the style of the M. three A's!

Chorus.

Notes

Notes.

p. 192.

¹ See anecdote of Voltaire in "Men of Letters of the Time of George III.," by Lord Brougham.

p. 196.

² This is a Cipher-Sonnet and enfolds in a regular sequence the bracketed letters of the name and title: (FRANCIS BACON), Baron (V)erulam and Viscount St. (A)lbans. By noting the first letter of the first "foot" of the first line, the second of the second, the third of the third, and so on to the tenth, beginning again at the first of the eleventh and continuing to the fourteenth line, the key is found, thus:

F ear-	some	the	sha-	dow	of	yon	aw-	ful	curse
Up-	R ears	its	threat-	'ning	fin-	ger	o'er	the	stones
Where	troop	A wed	pil-	grim	throngs	a-	bove	dry	bones
Whis-	p'ring	a	N ame	false,	carv-	en	lines	in-	herse—
Po-	et's	light	blade,	C atch	coin	to	deck	lean	purse,
The	yard,	all	won-	der-	I ng,	its	mag-	ic	owns,
And	clap-	per-	claws	the	lack-	S hame	daw,	en-	thrones
Him	bard	who	struts	and	mouths	Want's	B ar-	tered	verse,
Fame,	per-	jured	bla-	zon,	us-	an-	ces,	A nd	lands,
And	gen-	tle	se-	pul-	ture	for	base-	born	C lay,
O 'er-	weigh	the	wit-	ness	of	the	un-	signed	pact
'Twixt	N eed-	y	wit	and	nim	ble	greed's	de-	mands.
Mimes	the	V ain	act-	or	night's	slow	hours	a-	way—
Time	calls	for	" A u-	thor"	in	the	curt-	ain-	act !

p. 197.

³ Acrostic Sonnet. Read initial letters upwards.

p. 204.

⁴In 1898 the Montreal *Witness* instituted a Canadian Song Competition, and offered prizes for the four best "songs." Three eminent Canadian litterateurs were named judges, with Lord Dufferin as final arbiter. Over seven hundred "songs" were sent in, and the judges selected ten for submission to Lord Dufferin for final decision. The poem, "A Song of Empire," was one of the ten.

p. 213.

⁵ Lines written on the wreck of the *Scotsman* in the Gulf in 1899.

p. 215.

⁶The Canadian Song Sparrow is locally known among the folk in the Laurentian Lake District about Labelle, north of Montreal, by the name here given. Struck with the quaint fitness of the words to the tones and metrical accents of the bird's notes, the writer ventured to add an interpretation of his own to those already penned.

p. 216.

⁷L'Amour.

(Anon., 18**.)

Dis moi, mon cœur, mon cœur de flammes,
 Qu'est ce qu'amour, ce mot charmant?
 —C'est un pensée et deux âmes,
 Deux cœurs qui n'ont qu'un battement.

Dis d'où vient qu'amour nous visite?
 —L'amour est là, car il est là!
 Dis d'où vient donc qu'amour nous quitte?
 Ce n'est pas l'amour, s'il s'en va!

Dis quel est l'amour veritable?

—Celui qui respire en autrui;

Et l'amour le plus indomptable?

—Celui que fait le moins de bruit.

Comment accroit-il sa richesse?

—C'est en donnant a chaque pas;

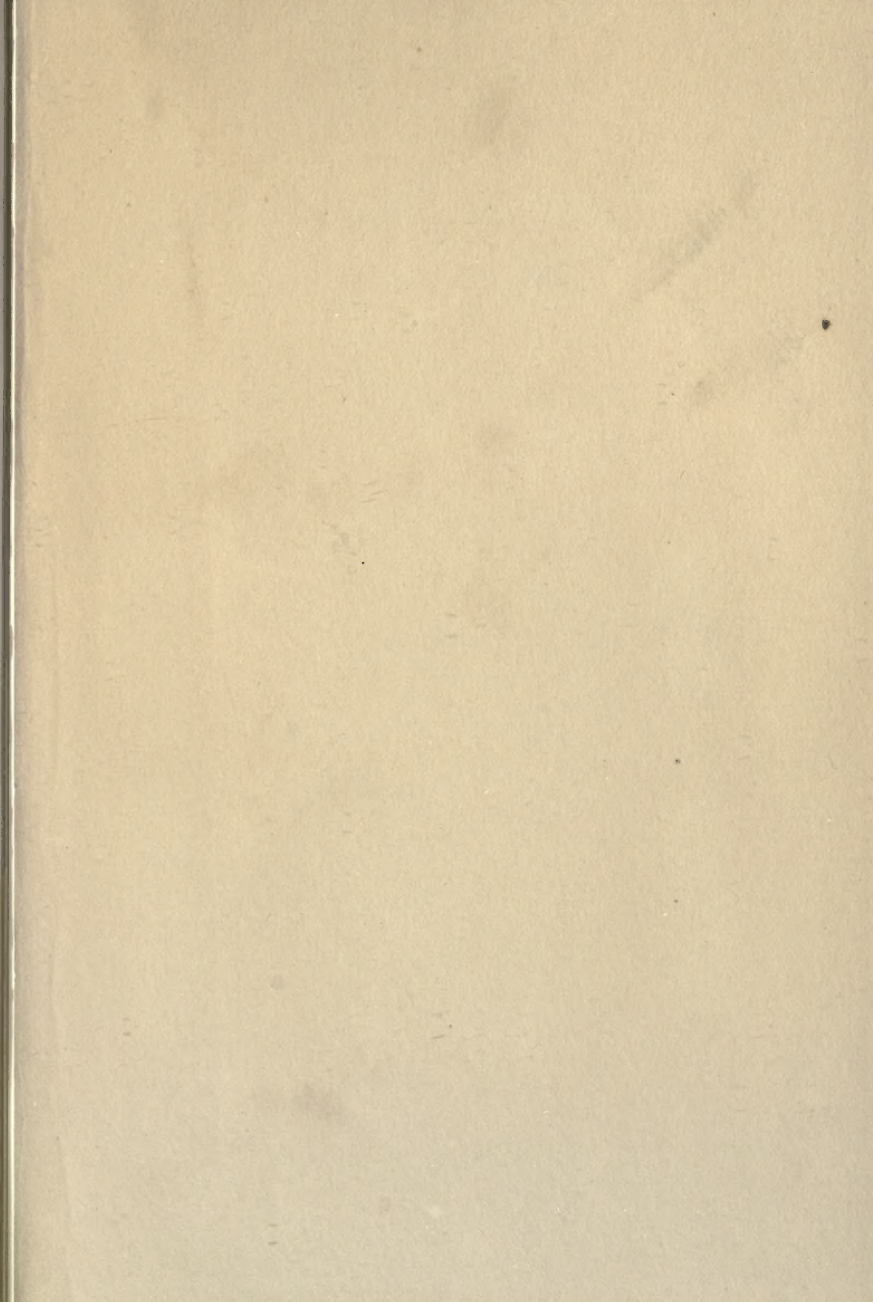
Et comment parle son ivresse?

—L'amour aime—il ne parle pas!

p. 219.

⁸ Written for the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association Glee Club, and sung by them in *repertoire*.





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